National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVI. NO. 43. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1856. WHOLE NO. 823.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

Selections.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY AND THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

From The Hartford Religious Herald.

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

The religious public will be deeply interested in the following correspondence with one of the Secretaries of the American Tract Society, relative of the spirit and purpose which reign in the present managers of that useful institution.

LETTER I.

HARTFORD, Ct., Feb. 5th, 1856.

REV. WM. A. HALLOCK, *Cor. Sec'y American Tract Society, New York.*

DEAR BROTHER: A little more than a year since, the Fourth Congregational Church of this city, of which I am pastor, sent to the officers of your Society a "Unanimous Remonstrance" against its past and present policy on the subject of slavery. The tone of that document was decided, but at the same time moderate, respectful and kind. We have waited patiently for some good result—some indication that the Society was about to treat slavery as it does other acknowledged sins. We learn, however, from publications issued in its defence and coming from official sources, that there are, among other things, two difficulties in the way of the action which we desire. 1st, No manuscript on this subject has ever been submitted to the Publishing Committee. 2dly, The subject has such inherent and circumstantial difficulties as to render it by no means easy to obtain a suitable treatise upon it. Thus the recent "Letter" of "A Congregationalist Director" says (p. 21) "No tract or book on slavery was ever written for or laid before the Publishing Committee." Secretaries Cook and Bliss have also offered the same fact in extenuation of the inaction of the Society, in letters published not long since in the *Congregationalist*. Furthermore, Secretary Cook, in his letter to be found in the *Independent* of Dec. 20th, 1855, says, "If a book or tract were presented on the subject of slavery that should meet all these conditions on which works relating to all other subjects have been sanctioned, I see nothing in the Constitution, and know of nothing in the organization of the Committee, to prevent its being published."

Now, we are disposed to coöperate with the Society in removing these obstacles to its wise and consistent action. It has long been customary for benevolent persons to secure able treatises for the Society on important subjects, by offering through you a premium for the best manuscript on the topic indicated. Your name appears appended to an offer of this kind in 1847, by an unknown friend, for a treatise on Systematic Beneficence, by means of which the Society obtained and published three valuable works on that duty. Following such examples, the Fourth Congregational Church of Hartford, Connecticut, would hereby, through you, offer a premium of *one hundred dollars* for the best tract on slavery (not exceeding eight pages in length), suitable for publication by the American Tract Society, according to the statement of the Society's object in the first article of its Constitution. The Committe of award to be Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., of Providence, R. I.; Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D., of Hartford, Ct.; and Hon. Joseph Hornblower, Newark, N. J.; two of whom are Vice-Presidents, and the third an elected Director of the Society, and, in their denominational connections, being, the first a Baptist, the second a Congregationalist, and the Third a Presbyterian. The manuscripts to be submitted to the Committee by the first day of July of the present year. The money for the premium is already paid in and deposited in one of the banks of this city, and will be subject to your draft for the purpose specified, as soon as the offer of the premium is published in the religious newspapers.

Wishing the Society all prosperity and divine guidance in its affairs, I remain, your brother in Christ,

WM. W. PATTON.

LETTER II.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20th 1856.

REV. WM. W. PATTON—*Dear Bro.:* At a meeting of the Publishing Committee, just held, yours of the 5th, stating that your Church wished to offer a premium of $100, for a Tract on Slavery, was read, on which the Committee took no action. It is not the business of the Committee to offer premiums, or examine manuscripts offered for premiums, but to examine what is submitted for publication by this Society. I see no reason why your church should not themselves offer the premium they have proposed. The respected gentlemen named as the Committee of award we all highly esteem; and should a manuscript, selected by them as, in their view, according with the object of this Society as stated in its Constitution, be submitted to our Committee, they will surely give it a careful and candid consideration.

Please not regard my omitting here to notice erroneous statements in the printed pamphlet, "Unanimous Remonstrance," &c., to which you refer, or errors otherwise implied in yours, as any concurrence by me in those statements, many of which we know to be founded on mistake and misapprehension. Your affectionate brother,

WM. A. HALLOCK, Secretary.

LETTER III.

HARTFORD, Ct., Feb. 22d, 1856.

REV. WM. A. HALLOCK—*Dear Brother:* Please read my letter a second time and you will find no reference in it to the Publishing Committee, no request for their action on the subject of the premium. My request was, that you should do precisely what you did with reference to the premium for the essays on "Systematic Beneficence," of which I made mention in my letter to you. Will you do it? The proposition is in good faith, and a concurrence in it will greatly tend to allay agitation and to open the way for a judicious adjustment of the relations of the American Tract Society to slavery. Please answer speedily. Yours fraternally,

WM. W. PATTON.

LETTER IV.

NEW YORK, Feb. 26th, 1856.

REV. MR. PATTON—*Dear Bro.:* In reply to your second note (of the 22d), I would say, that premiums proposed by benevolent persons have been announced by me only so far that it has been requested that the manuscripts should be sent to my care (unofficially) at 150 Nassau street; and this has only been done after ascertaining, in every case, that the Committee had no objection to it. They can, of course, express no sanction beforehand of what is to be written, especially on a controverted subject; when a Tract is obtained and laid before them for publication, they will, as I have said, act upon it according to its merits.

You ask if I will authorize the manuscript to be sent to my address *unofficially*. I have to reply that, as this proposed premium is identified with the statements in the "Unanimous Remonstrance," &c., many of which statements are so erroneous and unjust that, had you or your church known the real facts, as, from my official relations, I must know them, nothing could have induced you or them to issue it and as my taking part in the announcement might be understood as concurring in those statements, I feel no liberty, either in view of my obligation to the community or to God, to take any part whatever, officially or unofficially, in announcing it.

Renewing the statements in my former letter, I am, your affectionate brother, WM. A. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

Upon this correspondence we offer the following remarks.

1. It indicates a total indisposition on the part of the officers of the Tract Society to do *anything* towards facilitating the settlement of the vexed question, concerning the relations of the Society to slavery. On some accounts, remembering the spirit heretofore evinced, we are not surprised at the refusal to offer the premium; but for other reasons we must express both surprise and regret. No better opportunity could they have desired to open the way for a judicious settlement of the subject. To have accepted and offered the premium would have in no manner committed the Society to any future action. The committee of award might not agree to recommend any manuscript as suitable for publicaction by the Society. If a manuscript should be recommended, it must still be examined and accepted by the Publishing Committee, any *one* of whom could prevent its publication; while, if sanctioned by them, they would have, in addition to their own favourable judgment, the previous approval of such men as the Rev. Drs. Wayland and Hawes, and Chief Justice Hornblower, all eminent in station and piety, having the confidence of the public, and being officially connected with the Society. What more reasonable and considerate proposition could have been made? In the meanwhile, agitation would have ceased, and those interested would have said, "Let us wait till we learn the result of the premium, which has been offered through Secretary Hallock; perhaps a tract will be secured which will abate all embarrassment." The Fourth Church thus held out an olive-branch of peace, and it has been contemptuously thrust aside by the Tract managers. They plainly do not *wish* to secure an objectionable treatise.

2. This correspondence does away forever with the excuse heretofore urged, that no manuscript on the subject of slavery has hitherto been offered to the Publishing Committee. The excuse never was good for anything, since the Committee knew well enough how to obtain either old or new matter on that or any other subject, without waiting for it to be offered. But now their lips are closed on that point. They have distinctly refused to coöperate in an effort to secure a proper tract, which should meet all their published requirements.

3. This correspondence deprives them also of all further use of the alleged *difficulty* of procuring a suitable treatise—one which would be calm, judicious, moderate and expressive of the opinion of "all evangelical Christians." A plan was proposed, by the offer of a premium under the auspices of the Society, which would have set in motion the pens of the ablest writers in the Christian Church, to condense into eight pages a suitable argument or testimony upon the general subject or upon an important branch of it. It would thus have been soon ascertained what could be accomplished in that direction. But the Tract officers, after having shielded themselves behind the alleged difficulty, refuse to aid in even an attempt at its removal.

4. The grounds of the refusal thus to coöperate are singularly slight and insufficient. First, the attempt is made to show that the Publishing Committee cannot be concerned in offering the premium, *though they were not asked to do anything about it!* And yet, if they had been asked, what possible impropriety would there be in their action? Did they not apply to Dr. Edwards to prepare a treatise on the Sabbath? Are they not employing persons continually to write for the Society? What article in the Constitution or what point of propriety hinders their offering a premium to draw out the best talent on any religious subject which needs to be treated by the Society? Suppose a Christian merchant should place $500 in their hands to be offered as a premium for a book on the Christian Law of Amusements, or on the Christian Method of Doing Business; in what manner would they transcend the bounds of duty in accepting and using the trust for that purpose? The bare *assertion* of Secretary Hallock, that "it is not the business of the Committee to offer premiums," &c., needs an argument to sustain it. Secondly, when Mr. Hallock is reminded that no request had been made for the action of the Publishing Committee, but only that *he* would do in this case precisely what he did in regard to the premium offered for a treatise on Systematic Beneficence, he refuses point blank to do so, on the ground that, as the premium comes from the same source as the "Unanimous Remonstrance," he might be thought to acknowledge the truth of its allegations. The slenderness of this pretext must be apparent to all, since there was no necessity that, in publishing the offer, the least reference should be made to the "Remonstrance," while the offer itself alludes only to the Constitution of the Society, which is set forth as the guide of those who might compete for the premium and of the committee of award. As to the alleged mistakes of the "Remonstrance," we wish Mr. Hallock would try his hand at pointing them out. His brother Secretary, Mr. Cook, made the attempt and most signally failed, succeeding only in corroborating its positions. No man has ever found us backward in acknowledging errors after they were indicated, and we shall certainly make no exception of the Tract question. Mr. H. must pardon, however, our unwillingness to take assertion for proof. We submit this correspondence to the public that the *animus* of the Tract officers may be apparent.

From The Liberator.

NEW TRACTS.

We understand that the letter and tracts copied below were sent, some days since, to the Secretary of the Tract Society, to be laid before the Directors. The tracts seem to be plain, scriptural, practical, and well-suited to do good, and their publication on the Society's list will certainly do something towards filling a vacancy which has hitherto existed, to the regret of many friends of the Tract cause. It is to be hoped that more tracts, on the numerous other aspects of the great question of slavery, may be written for, and published by, the Tract Society. Meanwhile, as the process of examining, stereotyping, printing and distributing is slow, and the need of such tracts urgent, both by masters and slaves, we gladly avail ourselves of the permission which we have received to copy these at once, thus possibly reaching some persons who would not be otherwise supplied, even in the widely extended circle of the Tract Society's operations.

To the President and Directors of the American Tract Society.

GENTLEMEN: Finding my name in your published list of life members of your Society (made such by a payment of Twenty Dollars), and having never yet used either my right of designating the specific object to which that sum shall be applied or your permitted alternative of drawing your publications from the Depository, to the amount of one dollar annually, I now request that the above-mentioned Twenty Dollars may be applied to the publication of the accompanying short tracts, entitled, respectively, "To a Slaveholder," and "To a Slave," which I have written, as your revised rule prescribes, in terms "calculated to receive the approbation of all Evangelical Christians." Your servant for the truth,

Boston, Feb. 25, 1856. CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

TO A SLAVEHOLDER.

Fellow-traveller to immortality, are you living in unrepented sin? If so, you must be aware that your state is a perilous one, and that you are neither prepared for death nor leading a life which God can approve and bless. Living in a land of Sabbaths, and churches, and ministers, you doubtless believe that the rule of life, as well as the way of salvation, is found in the Holy Scriptures. But have you made diligent search, through the books of the Old and New Testaments, for those precepts and warnings which specially concern *you?* Read these passages:

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."

"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker; but he that honoureth him hath mercy on the poor."

"Rob not the poor, because he is poor; neither oppress the afflicted in the gate."

"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal."

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Is no obligation imposed upon you by these precepts of Scripture, in relation to those whom you have been accustomed to call *your* slaves? And do you find in the following texts no indication of your duty towards those oppressed men and women whom other persons call *their* slaves?

"Thus saith the Lord, execute ye judgment and righteousness, and deliver the spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor."

"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him."

Are you tempted to disregard the claims of the poor and despised! Remember that Jesus Christ said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me"—and also, "Inasmuch as ye have *not* done it unto one of the least of these, ye have not done it unto *me*."

Do you fear those who uphold injustice *by a law?* Remember that Peter said, "We ought to obey God rather than men"—and that Christ himself has told us, "Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."

Life is short, death certain, eternity at hand. "*Now* is the accepted time." Lose not a moment in setting your relations right with your fellow-men, and with your God.

TO A SLAVE.

[Since most slaves are unable to read, each Colporteur should carefully provide that the instructions of this tract be not lost, by distinctly reading it to whatever slaves thus deficient he may meet in his district.]

God, who hath made of one blood all nations of the earth, and who is no respecter of persons, has neither forsaken nor forgotten you. All the powers which belong to you, eyes to read the Bible, a conscience to judge between right and wrong, a head to think and plan, hands to do what the head tells them, and feet to go where your duty calls, are of God's giving. And He requires of you a right use of all the talents he has given, whether many or few.

The most important thing in the whole world to you is *to do right*, and to *be good*; to resist temptation, to turn away from sin, and to do your duty to all those with whom you are connected. If hitherto you have been careless about these things, will you not attend to them now?

Do you love God, seek in all things to do his will, and refuse to do what is wrong, whoever may command it?

Do you honour your father and mother, and try to repay to them the tenderness and care you received when a child?

Are you faithful, loving and tender to your wife, supplying her wants, and protecting her from all insult and injury?

Do you bring up your children in the way they should go, keep them from evil company, teach them to read the Bible, send them to school, and use the means to make them grow up wiser and better than you are?

Do you honestly perform to your employer all the engagements you made on entering into his service, or do you take wages from him without doing in return the faithful work which you promised?

Do you help those poor neighbours who come to you in distress, remembering what Moses said—"Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee"; and what Christ said—"Inasmuch as ye have done service unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Are you careful not to render evil for evil, or railing for railing, to those who ill use you? Never revenge an injury, but return good for evil, and commit your cause to Him that judgeth righteously.

But if your situation in life is subject to great evils which cannot be remedied while you remain there, and especially if it prevents you from properly fulfilling the duties above spoken of, particularly those to your wife and children, you should seek to find for yourself and them a more favourable situation, though the way may be long, and the difficulties great. Remember what the Apostle Paul said—"If thou mayest be made free, *use it rather;*" and what the Scriptures tell us of that wise and good man Moses, who led his oppressed people out from slavery in the land of Egypt, and brought them into another country, where they could live in freedom, and how God blessed and prospered his undertaking. He who helped Moses is able and willing to help you; but His way is to help those who try to help themselves, and who do not neglect to use the head, and the hands, and the feet, which he has already given them.

THE CINCINNATI FUGITIVE CASE.

THE CRIMINAL CHARGE AGAINST THE NEGROES.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, March 1.

THE Prosecuting Attorney, Joseph Cox, Esq., drew the attention of Judge Carter, yesterday afternoon, to the return of the Sheriff in the matter of the four negroes, Margaret, Mary, Simon and Robert Garner, indicted for the murder of the negro child. He read the writ commanding him to produce the bodies of these persons, and the following return of the Sheriff:

"HAMILTON COUNTY, Feb. 29.

"The within named defendants, Margaret Garner, alias Peggy Garner, Simon Garner, senior, Robert Garner, alias Simon Garner, junior, and Mary Garner, were discharged from my custody on the 28th inst., by Humphrey H. Leavitt, Judge of the United States District Court of Ohio, under a writ of habeas corpus, issued from said Court, dated Feb. 25, 1856, and to me directed, which writ of habeas corpus is hereto attached; also the certificate of said Judge discharging said prisoners from my custody. G. BRASHEARS, Sheriff,

"Hamilton County, Ohio."

After the decision of Judge Leavitt, he (the Prosecuting Attorney) issued another *capias*, to which the Sheriff returned that he could not find the parties.

Judge Carter remarked that he had not the least hesitation in saying that it was competent for the Sheriff of this County, acting on the order of the Court in the issuing of the *capias*, to have arrested these defendants, no matter what may have been their position in reference to any other Court in the land. Under a Government like this there is no refuge for crime, and the perpetrator can occupy no position which would render him irresponsible to the laws which regulate the punishment of crime. It was therefore competent for the Sheriff to arrest the parties though they were before the United States Court on a trial as to whether they were fugitives from justice. It struck the mind of this Court that after the issuing of the *capias* by the State Court, it was the duty of the United States Court, in all propriety, and even under the rules of comity, forthwith to have terminated their proceedings so far as the question of the negroes being fugitives from justice was concerned, and hand them over to answer for the crime committed in the meantime. To hold any other doctrine would be to say that fugitives from labour were irresponsible for crime. This would be entirely outrageous, to say the least of it. The Sheriff was, undoubtedly, bound to obey the writ of *habeas corpus* issued by the United States Court; he did so. But the United States Judge, in his exceeding wisdom, decided that the question of the negroes being fugitives was paramount to the charge of murder; and by the decision of that Court the Sheriff was obliged to deliver the custody of the parties to the Marshal of the United States. With this action of the Sheriff no fault could be found; but after he did that, he might have served another *capias* on the parties before they reached the limits of the boundary of our State; though, probably, the remarkable expedition with which they were hurried off to the boundary line of another State did not give him time to inform himself as to his duty. Under the circumstance that the defendants were now without the jurisdiction of the State, the Court would suggest to the Prosecuting Attorney that he had better get a requisition from the Governor of Ohio.

Mr. Cox said he had sent to the Governor a statement of the facts, with a copy of the indictment, that he might take such action as he thought proper.

Judge Hoadley, in relation to the remark of the Court upon the subject of another *capias*, said that he had applied to Judge Leavitt to receive a supplemental return, setting up the fact that after the original return was filed, the Commissioner had proceeded to decide the case and grant his certificate, and that the claimants had received it. In the application to receive the amended return it was shown an affidavit had been made to the Marshal under the ninth section of the Fugitive Slave law, and he urged to the United States Judge that this changed the state of facts, and rendered it a controversy between the right of the master and the right of the State, but Judge L. refused to receive the supplemental return, though his decision covered the proposition therein. If a new *capias*, therefore, had been issued, it would have been followed by another order of the same kind. Here the subject ended.

A VISIT TO THE SLAVE MOTHER WHO KILLED HER CHILD.

From The American Baptist.

LAST Sabbath, after preaching in the city prison, Cincinnati, through the kindness of the Deputy Sheriff, I was permitted to visit the apartment of that unfortunate woman, concerning whom there has been so much excitement during the last two weeks.

I found her with an infant in her arms only a few months old, and observed that it had a large *bunch* on its forehead. I inquired the cause of the injury. She then proceeded to give a detailed account of her attempt to kill her children.

She said that when the officers and slave-hunters came to the house in which they were concealed, she caught a shovel and struck two of her children on the head, and then took a knife and cut the throat of the third, and tried to kill the other—that if they had given her time, she would have killed them all—that with regard to herself she cared but little; but she was unwilling to have her children suffer as she had done.

I inquired if she were not excited almost to madness when she committed the act? No, she replied, I was as cool as I now am; and would much rather kill them at once, and thus end their sufferings, than have them taken back to slavery and be murdered by piece-meal. She then told the story of her wrongs. She spoke of her days of suffering, of her nights of unmitigated toil, while the bitter tears coursed their way down her cheeks, and fell in the face of the innocent child as it looked smiling up, little conscious of the danger and probable sufferings that awaited it.

As I listened to the facts, and witnessed the agony depicted in her countenance, I could not but exclaim, O how terrible is irresponsible power, when exercised over intelligent beings! She alludes to the child that she killed as being free from all trouble and sorrow, with a degree of satisfaction that almost chills the blood in one's veins. Yet she evidently possesses all the passionate tenderness of a mother's love. She is about twenty-five years of age, and apparently possesses an average amount of kindness, with a vigorous intellect, and much energy of character.

The two men and the two oldest children were in another apartment, but her mother-in-law was in the same room. She says she is the mother of eight children, most of whom have been separated from her; that her husband was once separated from her twenty-five years, during which time she did not see him; that could she have prevented it, she would never have permitted him to return, as she did not wish him to witness her sufferings, or be exposed to the brutal treatment that he would receive.

She states that she has been a faithful servant, and in her old age she would not have attempted to obtain her liberty; but as she became feeble, and less capable of performing labour, her master become more and more exacting and brutal in his treatment, until she could stand it no longer; that the effort could result only in death, at most—she therefore made the attempt.

She witnessed the killing of the child, but said that she neither encouraged nor discouraged her daughter-in-law—for under similar circumstances she should probably have done the same. The old woman is from sixty to seventy years of age; has been a professor of religion about twenty years, and speaks with much feeling of the time when she shall be delivered from the power of the oppressor, and dwell with the *Saviour*, "where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

These slaves (as far as I am informed) have resided all their lives within sixteen miles of Cincinnati. We are frequently told that Kentucky slavery is very innocent. If these are its fruits where it exists in a mild form, will some one tell us what we may expect from its more objectionable features? But comments are unnecessary.

P. C. BASSETT.

Fairmount Theological Seminary, Cincinnati, O., Feb. 12, 1856.

PRESENTATION TO JOHN JOLLIFFE, ESQ.

CINCINNATI, Thursday, Feb. 28, 1856.

JOHN JOLLIFFE, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Your advocacy, on frequent occasions, of the cause of fugitives from slavery entitles you to the grateful consideration of your fellow-citizens.

The stringent severity of the law by which the case of these victims of wrong has been adjudicated has, in most instances, rendered futile your efforts in their behalf. If legal skill, earnest eloquence and persevering exertion would have availed aught, their chains would have been broken. You, Sir, have this confidence, that what could rightly have been done for their sake, you have done.

In token of our approval of your services in their behalf, we beg to tender to your acceptance this purse and its contents.

The law known as the "Fugitive Slave Law" we believe to be in violation of the Constitution of the country, as well as of the common rights of humanity. By the operation of this law, violence is done to every sense of public justice, as well as to the claims of philanthropy and the sympathies of our common humanity. Within a few days, because of its enactment, we, the inhabitants of a *Free State*, have been compelled to witness, upon our own *free soil*, many of the most odious and cruel features of the system of slavery. We have seen a child perishing by the hands of its mother! That tragedy gives to us an illustration of the ruin wrought by that system upon the tenderest sensibilities of our nature. The dread of the wrongs it inflicts stifles the pleadings of maternal tenderness, and transforms the mother into the murderer of her child. We have seen the husband forcibly separated from his wife. In that act of wrong we have witnessed the utter contempt with which that system treats the authority of Him who has said, What God hath joined together let no man put asunder, as well as of its defiant disregard of the more sacred sympathies of the human heart; such laws pour contempt upon the dictates of justice and humanity, and are calculated to harden the heart, and benumb the conscience of every man who assists in their execution.

The great conflict between Freedom and Slavery must sooner or later come to a crisis. All neutral ground on this subject will be unknown. These two principles, so opposite in their nature, can never be made to harmonize.

But truth and justice will ultimately triumph; and although but few comparatively are, at present, ready to come to the rescue, yet there is no cause for despondency; remember that the mighty floods which roll down the Niagara and the Mississippi are fed and supplied by springs and rivulets which scarcely murmur as they flow from their native hills. The cause of human freedom will thus progress. It is a majestic and perennial stream, which will deepen in its channel, widen in its course, extend in its flow and increase in its rapidity, until the foul stain of human slavery shall be forever blotted from the sight of Heaven.

D. ANDERSON,
GEO. L. WEED,
S. C. FOSTER,
JAS. B. RAMSEY,
S. STRAIGHT,
} Committee.

CINCINNATI, Friday, Feb. 29, 1856.

MESSRS. D. ANDERSON, GEO. L. WEED, SETH C. FOSTER, J. B. RAMSEY, S. STRAIGHT.

GENTLEMEN: I have received with gratitude your letter of yesterday, and the well-filled purse that accompanied it.

The acts of Congress you refer to do indeed violate the Constitution of our country, chiefly because they prevent the exercise of the duties of humanity, and compel all who aid in executing them to commit gross sin.

Thanks to the wisdom of those who made that Constitution, they have, in the first amendment, secured to every man in the United States the greatest of all rights, that of Religious Freedom, by taking away from Congress all power whatever, either directly or indirectly, to pass any law that may for an instant invade or impair or hazard that great right.

Any act of Congress that may require any man in the United States to commit a sin is, therefore, merely null, and should be disregarded; otherwise the Constitution cannot be supported.

Yesterday we had a clear illustration of the iniquity of the act referred to: a whole family, to whom freedom is dearer than life, was taken from Ohio and delivered to their claimants in Kentucky, and this, too, by men sworn to support the Constitution of the United States and under the order of the District Court. Even the clear right of the State—a right never for a moment delegated, but expressly reserved—to try a charge for homicide committed within its limits, has been suspended and made subject to the will or the judgment of officers of another State.

You say that sooner or later the crisis between Freedom and Slavery must come. Gentlemen, it has come. It is upon us *now* and *here*. We must meet it as men, or shrink from it and bear the responsibility of desertion from our posts of duty. Religious Liberty, without which man is deprived of the highest dignity of his nature, lies to-day in dishonoured dust in Ohio by the decision of Pendery; and the right of the State, a right which every wandering horde of savages possesses—to inquire into an accusation for homicide within its limits—is made subordinate to the will or judgment of the officers of another State. All this is without law and against law, and against the Constitution of our country; and it remains only to be seen whether the people of Ohio will arise as one man and assert their rights, or tamely submit to outrages upon them that would drive any other people to the very verge of madness.

I thank you for the kind and very flattering expressions in your letter. I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

JOHN JOLLIFFE.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF DISUNION.

From The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

THE Disunion question is one of the best tests of the depth and genuineness of the anti-slavery feeling of the country. The Union is the political God which the people have worshipped. They imagine that by it they have their pecuniary and political prosperity, and they refuse for the sake of freedom to the slave to question the divinity of the hand that bestows them. Hence they have scouted every proposition for a discussion of this question, and denounced all who have dared to advocate it. But this intense devotion to the Union is losing somewhat of its power. Thanks to the discussions of the Disunionists of the North—to the treats of Southern secessionists and the madness of slavery propagandists. We see this in the reception which the Disunion Memorial of the Western Anti-Slavery Society has received from the Legislature and the press of the State.

It is true, the Committee charges the memorialists with "*treasonable objects.*" But then the Committee also affect to treat this treason with contempt. The Committee took no time to deliberate, and yet they say they gave to the subject of the treasonable document all the consideration it deserved. And this contempt of plotted treason—this contempt of a deliberate attempt to enlist the Legislature as a participant in the treason—met the enthusiastic approbation of the Senate. When grave Senators come thus to treat treason lightly, it is pretty good evidence they are themselves approximating a willingness to see treason flourish. It indicates that the public sentiment in regard to disunion is vastly different from what it was in time past, and thus indicates an advanced state of anti-slavery sentiment among the people.

In the first place, the individuals to whom it was sent readily and promptly presented it to the bodies of which they were respectively members—in the second it was received and treated with the usual *forms* of courtesy—and the general tone and character of the discussion indicated not a disunion purpose, but a modified anti-slavery feeling. The Republicans, though, as a party, distinguished for their declared love and devotion to the Union, advocated, by their speeches and votes, respectful and courteous treatment towards it, though knowing as they did that this course would be misrepresented by their political opponents, as it has been. The Republican press has either been silent or, as a general thing, respectful in its treatment. Last week we copied the remarks of the *Cleveland Leader*. The *Columbian*, the central organ of the party at Columbus, refers to the subject in a similar manner.

The Democrats, however, Legislators and Editors, have been inspired by the memorial with a perfect furor of patriotism. Aware that all the generous impulses of the people are with the proposed objects of the Republicans in regard to Kansas, they eagerly seize upon every opportunity to play upon their prejudices and stop at no misrepresentations that shall keep the people at issue with the Republican party on these questions. This disunion memorial has been therefore a God-send to them. They charge it all upon the innocent Republicans, who for no consideration would originate or prosecute a disunion measure.

THE GREAT EXODUS NORTHWARD.

THE long-continued cold weather has worked a great revolution in the course of trade. The bridge of ice, extending the whole length of the Ohio, has given new activity to a large and constantly growing business. While the severity of the season, and the state of the roads, prevent the farmers of western Virginia and Kentucky from taking most of their produce to market, some of it seems endued with the power of taking itself from market quite effectually. Across that friendly ice a way is made for the self-ransomed to pass over. Jack Frost himself, in his old age, has become an incendiary. He "burns *frore*," and that river, whose past devotion to slavery entitles it to at least a first class Foreign Mission, now thrown into chains, feels a strange sympathy for its fellow-bond-sufferers, and reaches out its manacled hands to their aid. Along the whole line where slavery and freedom confront each other scenes are enacted that remind us of the earlier flight of Julia and her boy over the same river. Should the present cold snap continue, there is reason to fear that it will snap the fetters of many a poor bondman, thus frozen into freedom. The underground railway, being below the frosts and snows, at present so troublesome in the upper world, is enabled to land its passengers with great regularity and promptness.

The Rev. Mr. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, used to tell a story of a Virginian, slightly shattered in his intellect, who one day came to his brother, a large planter, with a most important discovery. "I have found out," said he, "that the coons never eat any corn only on the outside rows; and when we plant next year, we won't have any outside row." How to take care of the outside row of slavery is just now one of the great problems of the age, and one imperatively demanding a solution.

The *New York Times* asserts that, since 1850, not less than thirty-five millions of dollars ($35,000,000) worth of slaves have escaped from the Northern slaveholding States to Canada and the free States; a drain upon the profits of slave-breeding that few other *industrial interests* of the country would bear. Nor is there any reasonable prospect that the loss will be less in years to come. The causes that have created this state of things do not disappear or grow weak.

We well remember the interest with which we first examined the movement of a pocket compass. Great was our childish wonder at the mysterious power of the North Star thus to draw objects toward itself. But since that day it has developed a moral power. It has become one of the great benevolent forces of the age. Poets celebrate its praises. Philanthropists bless it. It is associated in our thoughts with that Star in the East which guided wise men to one who came to open the prison doors, and to set at liberty those that are bound. Not only iron, but human beings, magnetized by the love of freedom, own its power. While we write, scores, drawn by its influence, are hasting across our slavery-tainted soil to the wished-for land, where they shall find *themselves!*—that manhood of which they have heard, and never known. A mournful group, with fightings without and fears within. In weariness, in faintings, in cold and nakedness, in perils of robbers, and in perils of the heathen, do they urge their way. May God preserve the poor wanderer, and bless the kind heart that takes him in and cheers him on.

When nature and the stars in their courses fight against our institutions, it is high time they should be looked after. If our Government seriously intend to put a stop to the scenes now enacted upon our soil, let them show their sincerity by thawing out the Ohio at once. Then let them hang a green blind over the North Star, and cut off the tail of the Ursa Minor, that rampant beast that roams at will round the heavens,

"And bids the North forever know its place."

While nature is unrestrained, while the stars are suffered to kindle nightly their incendiary fires, something more than the stork in the heaven will know its appointed time, and something better than the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, will observe the time of their coming.

And so we cheerfully submit to the rigours of this frightful winter, and admire that superintending providence, "that out of seeming ill educes good." When, from our lonely room at midnight, we look forth upon nature, and hear the howling of the winter's wind, the gloom is all dispelled by the reflection that this is freedom's hour—the hour when the stars shine, and human beings, guided by their light, find their lost manhood.

"The hunter now hath left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure."

And so, in face of radicals and fanatics, we avow our love of that great American *Track* Society that has opened a pathway for freedom across our soil, and guides the pilgrim safely through it; its unselfish aims—its "catholic basis." The daily and nightly issues of its steam ex-presses commend it to the love of all the good. In its managers and "Life Directors," "Congregational" or otherwise, we have entire confidence, and, from our heart, do we wish them success.—*Bost. Congregationalist.*

REIGN OF TERROR.

From The Auburn (N. Y.) Christian Advocate.

NEW ORLEANS.

A FEW minutes after the departure of that large two-legged monster, apparelled like a minister of State, and looking like a man to whom you perceive I have given the title of *sir hyena*, I remarked to the salesman that that gentleman appeared to appreciate the value of those two girls for which he just forked over five thousand cash down. That he does, replied the salesman; he is the best judge of that kind of stock in the city, and further added, he is one of our best customers; he keeps one of the largest fancy women broker establishments in the whole South, and will have the latest importation, and the likeliest set of girls on hand, be the cost what it may. He is a keener, said I. Yes, answered the man, he makes twenty thousand dollars a year, and sometimes more; it is no uncommon thing for him to make a thousand in a single evening. Look yonder, said he, do you see that handsome, black-eyed girl sitting on that small bench between those two mulatto women? Yes, said I. Well, he is to pay me three thousand dollars for her, day after to-morrow. He is getting up a raffle for her among the young bloods at the St. Charles, which is to come off some night next week, and he will make a thousand dollars on her then. The girl in question is decidedly a beauty, with coal black eyes, auburn hair floating in graceful ringlets or curls round her shoulders, her countenance of the Grecian mould and whiter than that of the salesman, and by most persons would be taken for a daughter of Anglo-Saxon origin, unmixed with any other blood. But she is a slave, a chattel, a piece of property bearing the image of God, and redeemed by his Son—nay, she is a prize, a sacrifice, with the best blood of old Virginia in her veins, soon to be offered on the gambler's altar, amid the midnight Bacchanalian row in this professedly Christian city.

"Oh, Prebyterianism, whither art thou fled?
And, Christianity, where thy blush?"

Others came in to examine stock, the attention of the traders being fully absorbed in the exhibition and sales of their human property, as I moved slowly and cautiously along, making out notes and observations (mentally I mean) of life in New Orleans. Presently came round to where the old Mississippi planter was examining a group of field hands. He took me for a Georgia cracker, or a Carolina slave speculator, he could hardly determine which, and I let him enjoy his ignorance, for to hint only half-way who or what I was would imperil my life. Likely stock of niggers, stranger, said he to me, as we met at the far end of the room just in front of a large group of outdoor hands. Yes, I replied. Old Virginia sends out the best niggers yet, continued he, better than Tennessee, old Kentucky, or any other State; they are better blood, better trained, don't know so much about reading, and haven't such high notions of themselves. There were about twenty in the group we were standing by. I tell you what it is, stranger, said the old man, I want about five of these boys; now you see they are worth twelve hundred dollars a head as they stand; you take fifteen of them, and I will five; by taking the whole group at a lump, we can get them for twenty thousand dollars; you can easily run them into Georgia and make two hundred dollars a head on them.

But before old Mississippi and I had consummated the proposition in question, the salesman came up and said, now, gentlemen, excuse my impoliteness, you shall have more attention paid you; I have been making some sales over the other side of the house, as you see. At which I took off my specks and wiped them quite deliberately with a newly-bought bandanna, replaced them and took out my time-piece and said, bless me, gents, it's my dinner time, it being three o'clock minus twenty minutes, and you will have the politeness to excuse me for the present at least. So I was not long in giving them my ex-presence, and was glad thus to get off without exciting suspicion. It takes a sort of semi-Southerner to know how to come it upon them. Had it been my first tour in the South, it might have been a serious matter with me. Came round to my hotel, took dinner, then went to my room for the purpose of noting down these strictures upon Southern life for your columns. It is a wonder to me not unfrequently, as I think of it, and read in the papers the fate of others better than myself, who have been imprisoned, hanged, tarred and feathered, &c. &c., that I should so marvellously escape being even suspected. But should these papers be found in my possession, my room searched in my absence and so much as a scroll of this sort of writing found in it, there would be no hope in my case, no salvation for me, no possible escape from these trained bulldogs of slavery. But, thanks to my stars, they have not, and, like old Napoleon, I am inclined to believe a man immortal till his destiny is accomplished.

One circumstance more I will relate, which occurred in the slave sale room while I was there. Some two hours previous to my leaving, there came in, in great haste, a gentleman from Florida, somewhere near St. Mary's. From some indications I made him out a clergyman and the parish priest of St. Mary's parish. He was going to take the next train down to the lake which connects with the steamer for Florida, but wanted to buy a good house servant, one that could drive a horse and carriage, when so desired, round the parish, with himself and family; was sorry he had no more time, but thought he might make a selection that would answer him, out of so many. O yes, yes, replied the salesman, that you can do in a few moments, for I have the very one for you—here he is. Come up here, Jack, said the salesman, to a good stout-looking man of some thirty years old. So up came the poor fellow, looking almost pale with fear, though black as tar. The minister looked at him, examined him; his back had to be uncovered to see if any scars were to be found, the same as you examine horses North, to test them

that of the Messiah—that "the poor hear glad tidings."

A LIBERAL SLAVEHOLDER.—A gentleman in Shenandoah County reminded me much of C. M. Clay. He has slaves whom he purchased out of compassion, and expressed his willingness to give them to any one who would do better with them than he. He is a gentleman of much information and intelligence, yet many a Sabbath-school scholar at the North is better informed on the Rights of Man.

Some years since, he purchased a large tract of land, much of which he disposed of to mechanics and others, in lots of from three acres to sixty. Before purchasing, some of these men were not, to use the gentleman's own expression, with "three fips."

On the whole, that portion of Virginia is an interesting field; half a dozen school-teachers could find constant employment, and an opportunity of advancing the cause of righteousness. They would encounter opposition. The number of pupils would not for a while be near so large as if the teacher was not an Abolitionist; but his influence would be felt; the respect and confidence of the people would after a time be won; and, best of all, God would be well pleased. Who will go? Who will come here, where the way is opened, and let your correspondent go to a new place?—*J. S. D., in Congregational Herald.*

BEWARE OF IMPOSTORS.

THE increasing anti-slavery feeling in the free States, together with the sympathy extended to those who have escaped from oppression, has induced many unprincipled persons to go through the country soliciting money for the professed purpose of purchasing relatives or friends, or educating the person asking the donation. Several of these impostors have, from time to time, been exposed through the columns of *The Liberator*. While at North Bridgewater, last week, we met one of these persons, passing under the name of Mary Adams. This woman was advertised, more than two years ago, by Mrs. Abby K. Foster, who met her in the State of New York. She has passed under various names since the commencement of her career. She is tall, slender, and inclines to stoop; has a bright, penetrating eye, yellow complexion, evidently a mixture of African, Indian and Anglo-Saxon; prominent nose, high cheek bones, and her hair somewhat curly. She has several scars on her neck, and her left cheek is now swollen, over which she wears a cloth. This woman has any amount of impudence, and sustains a very bad character, aside from that of an impostor.

But by far the most successful impostor of whom we have lately heard is a man who worked as a journeyman barber in Brattle street, some two years ago, under the name of Baker, and who is now travelling through the country under the assumed name of Leo L. Lloyd. While following the calling of a barber, Baker one day found his employer reading "Moffat's Travels in South Africa," and became very much interested in the subject upon which the book treated. He subsequently obtained the work, studied it attentively, and soon began to relate his experience in "South Africa." He left Boston, and, after remaining away but a few months, returned under the name of Leo L. Lloyd, the only son of the late King of Nubia. "The Prince" gave a lecture in Tremont Temple, some weeks since, in which he related the story of the "Wedding Ring," just as it is told in "Moffat's Travels." Lloyd is from somewhere near the Ohio river, and was doubtless a slave in the adjoining State of Kentucky. During the past Winter he has made Boston his home, when not out on a begging tour. He spent some days, in the month of January, in New Bedford, where he went from house to house soliciting money to enable him to carry civilization and Christianity into Africa! When in New Bedford, he was accompanied by a coloured man named Bell, better known as "Shoe Bell," who assisted the *Prince* in his operations. The Odd Fellows' Levee called Lloyd from New Bedford for a day or two; but when that was over, he returned to finish up the houses not before visited. We understand that he obtained the sum of fifteen dollars from one person alone. During the Winter, the *Prince* has often been seen with girls, and gliding over the snow with railroad speed, the performance concluding with an oyster supper, and His Royal Highness footing the bill.

Strange to say, this brazen-faced impostor has obtained the names of such men as Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. Rufus Choate, and Hon. R. C. Winthrop, as endorsing him.

Start, alias Baker, alias Leo L. Lloyd, is a small black man, of neat figure, short hair, bright eyes, and has a somewhat wirey walk, and has done much in the way of committing other persons' speeches and poetry, all of which he gets off with much ease. He relates adventures which he experienced with lions and other wild beasts in South Africa. Of course, he knows nothing of that land, except what he learned from "Moffat's Travels." His Royal Highness the Prince of Nubia talks of visiting the Western country. Our friends should receive him in a becoming manner.—B.—*Liberator.*

A CHRISTIAN ABOLITIONIST.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE was an "Abolitionist." The glory of his life was his opposition to slavery. The greatest of his achievements was the abolition of the Slave Trade. In these days of calumny, when the name "Abolitionist" is used as a synonyme for fanatic, infidel, disunionist, and all that is horrible in human character, it is refreshing to find the "Abolitionism" of Wilberforce identified with his Christianity by one of the most conservative bodies of Christians in our land. The Old School Presbyterian Board of Publication, in a little tract, called "*Witnesses for Christ*," pronounce this judgment upon the leading Abolitionist of Britain:

"How thoroughly he was awakened and restored to a *truly sound mind*, appears from the nearly fifty years which, from this period, he devoted to the glory of God and the good of man. The love of Christ was from this date his talisman, to use his own words. IT WAS THIS THAT MADE HIM THE CHAMPION OF FREEDOM AND THE FRIEND OF THE SLAVE."

Take courage, then, poor, despised "Abolitionists." The Presbyterian Board teaches that the love of Christ makes one a champion of freedom and a friend of the slave. And the same Board adds, "we now set him before you as a witness for Christ to *stimulate you* to enter on the Christian race and to persevere in it." This sentence immediately follows that quoted above. The connection of the whole is: The love of Christ made Wilberforce the champion of freedom and the friend of the slave; and we set him before you to "stimulate you to enter on the Christian race."

How are the Administration of the Tract Society put to shame by such sentences as these in a tract from the Presbyterian Board! *They* suppressed the wise and gentle testimony of Mather on the subject of slavery; they maintain an evasive silence on this "sectional" question; while a Board directly connected with the South boldly makes Wilberforce's devotion to the slave a proof of his union with Christ, and hold him up for imitation. —*Independent.*

SECTIONALISM IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

AT the imminent risk of dissolving the Union again, this evening, we venture to copy the following figures from the recent Patent reports. Notwithstanding they were prepared by President Pierce's own employés, it will be seen that they make just such assertions as, when uttered by Republicans, are denounced as "sectionalism" and "fanaticism."

New York	552	England	15
Massachusetts	304	France	14
Pennsylvania	257	Alabama	13
Ohio	133	Delaware	8
Connecticut	108	Tennessee	8
New Jersey	82	Mississippi	8
New Hampshire	47	Missouri	8
Virginia	45	Iowa	7
Illinois	43	South Carolina	6
Indiana	37	Georgia	6
Maryland	34	California	5
District of Columbia	33	Texas	5
Vermont	33	Florida	4
Michigan	29	North Carolina	3
Rhode Island	26	Canada	3
Maine	24	Prussia	3
Kentucky	23	Arkansas	1
Louisiana	17	Belgium	1
Wisconsin	15	Germany	1

It does not surprise us to find that Art and Science go hand and hand with Freedom, and that Invention dwells in the land of Free Labour and Free Schools. But the fact that either New York, or Pennsylvania, singly, produces as many inventions as all the slave States put together, is rather a tough contradiction of the doctrine that it will do no harm to let slavery into Kansas, and wherever else it is graciously pleased to go.

Query for the coming Conventions at Cincinnati and Philadelphia. Is not the Patent Office clearly sectional, and dangerous to the perpetuity of the Union? Does not a proper construction of the Constitutional provision for the surrender of fugitives require it to be abolished?

TWO MORALITIES.

To the Editors of The Independent.

YOU are much engaged now-a-days in discussing questions of this sort. Perhaps those of our friends who are trying to argue about "Organic Sins," and conveniently ignoring all moral questions upon slavery, would be interested in reading M. Nesard's lecture to the students of the Polytechnic Institution of Paris.

It appears from the report we have received in the papers that M. Nesard, lately appointed by Louis Napoleon to lecture to the young gentlemen, advocates the doctrine that there are two moralities, one for the high and one for the low, one for the rich and one for the poor. And to illustrate his meaning, he remarked, that if a king committed murder, it was a very different crime and a much less one than if a private individual committed the same offence. Now, I call this a convenient doctrine. I would recommend your friends who wink at, ignore (what an ugly word!) and even apologize for the sins which inhere in slavery, to send for that lecture.

One thing strikes me very strangely. These young cadets would not listen to such outrageous doctrine; one of them declared on the spot that M. Nesard got his gown for saying that, and the lecture broke up in a row. Next time the gens-d'-armes were called in, in such numbers as to silence any opposition to M. Nesard.

In New York, for years I have heard kindred doctrines, even in pulpits, and no resistance offered.

The American Tract Society, inasmuch as they expurgate out of their books allusions to slavery, do in effect take and now occupy the same ground as M. Nesard, *i. e.*, there are two moralities, one for slavery and one for other folks. But we can wait.

A WORD WITH COL. BENTON.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, Monday, March 3, 1856.

As I do not make a practice of reading *The National Intelligencer*, except when beset by a wakefulness which nothing else will overcome, Col. Benton will excuse my tardiness in observing and paying my respects to the following card, which has but this moment arrested my attention:

"C STREET, Friday, Feb. 29, 1856.

"MESSRS. GALES & SEATON: Will you please give this note a place in your *Intelligencer* (a paper whose function corresponds with its title, that of giving national information), for the purpose of correcting a reference to me, reported to have been made by Mr. Horace Greeley, of New York, in the Pittsburg Convention, to the effect that I was in favour of abolishing slavery in the State of Missouri? As I never spoke a word with Mr. Greeley on the subject of slavery, he must have got this information from some third person, and from some one who is ignorant of my whole language and conduct upon the subject. Now, it so happens that there is a clause in the Constitution of the State of Missouri which forbids the Legislature to emancipate slaves without the consent of their owners; and it further so happens that I was much instrumental (though not a member of the Convention) in getting that clause put in, and for the express purpose of *keeping slavery agitation out of the State*. Some few years ago, there was a movement in the State to abolish that clause. I condemned that movement, and for the same reason, *to keep slavery agitation out of the State*. And now, if anything could be added to increase the misfortune of that State, it would be to add an inside slavery agitation to the outside one which prevails on her border.

"Respectfully, gentlemen, your obliged fellow-citizen,

"THOMAS H. BENTON."

—In reply to this, I need only say that I never intimated, at Pittsburg or elsewhere, that Col. Benton favoured the abolition of slavery in Missouri, and I never authorized nor observed any report of my remarks at Pittsburg of the purport asserted above. It is very likely, however, that some reporter misconceived what I said at that place, yet I can hardly see how. For I was discussing the prospects of slavery or freedom *in Kansas*, not in Missouri, and I only named Col. Benton among other eminent citizens of slave States who favoured our cause, both desiring and expecting to see Kansas admitted into the Union as a free State. My authority for this averment was Col. Benton himself, and I very deeply regret my misapprehension if I violated any confidence or uttered what he would have preferred to conceal in making the statement. I certainly did not misunderstand and I as surely did not mean to compromise him. He is very right in saying that I neither knew nor had sought to know his views with respect to the duration of slavery in Missouri.

As Col. Benton is quite aware of my sojourn in this city, I think a line from him to me might well have preceded, when it would probably have precluded his communication to *The Intelligencer*. He is so greatly my senior in years, in experience, in honours, that I would cheerfully submit to have my mistakes corrected by him through any channel. I only solicit sufficient preliminary inquiry to ascertain that I had really made them.

H. G.

SLAVERY LEGISLATION IN VIRGINIA.

THE following proceedings took place in the House of Delegates on the 5th inst., as reported by the Richmond *Enquirer*:

A bill to amend the 4th section of chapter 105, so as to increase the reward for the arrest of runaway slaves, was next in order.

Mr. Hodge offered the following rider to this bill, which was advanced to the same stage with the bill, and passed with it.

"The amount herein provided to be paid by the Auditor of Public Accounts to the person holding the certificate of the County Court, as aforesaid, shall only be payable out of any money in the treasury arising from fines, forfeitures and confiscations imposed and made under the provisions of laws now existing and hereafter to be enacted, providing for the punishment of persons aiding and abetting in the escape of slaves, or interfering with the right of property in slaves, and from funds arising from the sale of free negro convicts, failing to leave the State after the expiration of their term of imprisonment."

The question on the passage of the bill and rider was then put, and decided in the affirmative. Ayes, 104; noes, 4.

The following bill of this class was then read a third time and passed.

A bill to amend the 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th and 28th chapters of the Code of Virginia, so as more effectually to prevent the escape of slaves.

Mr. Mallory said that the alterations made in the bill were as follows: It proposes to increase the term of confinement in the penitentiary, which, as the law now stands, is this: it cannot be less than two years, nor more than five. The bill proposes to increase the minimum term of confinement from two to five years, and the maximum from five to ten. In addition, the jury, in its discretion, may order the offender to be whipped; and if he is a master or owner, or attached to a vessel, the said vessel is to be forfeited.

The next alteration is this: There is no punishment now provided for a slave detected in the act of inducing and aiding another slave to escape. Acts of this sort were known to have taken place in his town (Norfolk), in more than one instance, within twelve months past. This bill provides for the punishment of the slave by having him whipped, sold and driven from the State. If he returns again, he is to be sold, one-half of the proceeds of sale to go to the informer, and one-half to the Commonwealth.

In addition to that, a reward of $500 is offered for such information as will lead to the arrest and conviction of any white person engaged in carrying off slaves from this Commonwealth. The clause in regard to negro testimony, as reported by the Committee, has been stricken out, and with my (Mr. Mallory's) concurrence.

I need say nothing more to show the necessity of the passage of this bill than to mention the fact that the last paper I received from my town contains information of another stampede which recently took place in that locality. I hope the House will pass the bill. I do not know that any serious objection exists to it, and I therefore feel assured that it will pass without difficulty.

Mr. Newton offered the following as a rider to the bill: "Provided such whipping shall not exceed thirty-nine lashes on any one day. [The amount herein provided to be paid by the State to any informer, under the 27th section of said chapter of the Code, as amended by this act, shall only be payable out of any moneys in the treasury, arising from fines, forfeitures and confiscations imposed and made under the provisions and laws now existing and hereafter to be enacted, providing for the punishment of persons aiding and abetting in the escape of slaves, or interfering with the rights of property in slaves, and from funds arising from the sale of free negro convicts, failing to leave the State after the expiration of their term of imprisonment]."

On motion of Mr. Anderson, the portion of this rider within brackets was stricken out.

After some debate, the question on the passage of the bill was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative, as follows: Ayes, 98; noes, 13.

REMOVAL OF FREE NEGROES IN GEORGIA.

In the House of Representatives of Georgia, on the 23d ult., Mr. IRWIN, chairman of the Joint Committee, reported a bill (as substitute for all others in both branches of the Legislature) providing for the removal of free negroes. It provides that the tax now imposed upon free persons of colour shall be set apart as a fund to be applied in transporting this class of people voluntarily beyond the limits of the United States, and those so disposed may voluntarily return to servitude.

Mr. TERHUNE objected to the bill, and offered a substitute embodying the law of Virginia on this subject.

Mr. IRWIN replied that the bill now under consideration had received the unanimous approval of every member of the Joint Committee. It was the best measure that could be had upon the subject, and was offered as a substitute for all the bills upon this subject. It was time something were done on this question. This bill aimed at colonization as the ultimate end. Ridicule had been cast upon the Colony of Liberia, but he would not hesitate to say that Colony would compare advantageously with any ever established upon the globe in any age, not excepting our own State, though he would not say that the African race could reach the civilization of the Caucasian.

The substitute was not received.

Mr. BOYKIN, of Scriven, offered an amendment that the funds thus raised should also be applied to defraying the expenses of those wishing to return to Georgia and be sold to kind masters.

Mr. HARRIS raised the point whether the amendment was not unconstitutional. The Constitution of the United States expressly prohibited the introduction of slaves.

Mr. THORNTON replied that the negro in Liberia was a freeman, and had a right to go whither and whence he pleased. He thought the amendment a good provision. There were several negroes, who had emigrated from his town to Liberia, who were not only willing, but most anxious to return to servitude. Letters were received from them, through every vessel coming from Liberia, entreating their former masters to receive them back into slavery—they and their children.

The SPEAKER (Col. Milledge) decided the amendment unconstitutional.

Dr. PHILLIPS also contended that the amendment was clearly antagonistic to the aim of the bill. This sought to remove a certain class; the amendment sought to introduce that same class.

Messrs. JONES and THORNTON offered amendments requiring these emigrants to be shipped in Southern vessels, and by Southern shippers, and prohibiting the disbursement of any of the funds to be raised to the agents or any member of the Colonization Society.

Upon these amendments an extremely interesting and perhaps the most eloquent debate of the session was had.

The gentlemen scored, with keenest invective, the Colonization Society, and laid the lash with terrible force upon the myrmidons of abolition. Its tendency was abolition; it stabbed the institution of slavery, it ingenerated a sickly sentiment upon this subject, and was, from its incipiency, an instrument in the hands of Abolitionists, and intended to arrive at gradual emancipation.

Mr. TERHUNE also supported these amendments, much to the same points.

The speaking of these gentlemen on this subject was never surpassed for impassioned, lofty and thrilling declamation. It would make the blood course rapidly in the veins of a Southern heart to listen to their eloquent denunciation of our wrongs, the happy pictures which they drew of Southern society, as contrasted with the hireling States, and the bold, high position they assumed upon the question of Southern rights. I wish some of our Georgia Yankees had been present during the discussion.

Messrs. WARD, PHILLIPS and IRWIN opposed the amendments.

Dr. PHILLIPS said the amendment of the gentleman from Muscogee was an indirect stab at the bill; we of the South had comparatively no commercial marine, and certainly no ships constructed with a view to the transport of emigrants, white or black; nor would Southern capital be invested that way, as long as its investment otherwise can be made more profitable. That the North has grown rich by being our carriers, factors, &c., may be and doubtless is true, to a great extent, but can we charge that upon them as a crime or an act of wrong? Not at all. We, as a matter of choice, abandon the field, and invite whomsoever will to enter and be our carriers. But, it is said, the emigrant ships all belong to Abolitionists, and we are asked if we are willing to put money into their pockets. I answer, first, that I do not know this assertion to be correct, and will not admit the assumption true unless it is proved. Towards that fanatical portion of the Northern people who have made and keep up a ceaseless war against our rights, I acknowledge the most deadly hostility. I would not, as a matter of choice, put money in their pockets, but would rather put another metal elsewhere than in the pocket; but the Colonization Society of Georgia are not suspected of abolitionism; they are made up of Georgia patriots—into their hands the money is to go—and I am willing to confide to them what ships and whose ships shall convey the free negroes of Georgia to Liberia.

Mr. WARD said that if it were proper and correct in principle to restrict the transportation of free persons of colour to vessels and owners south of Mason and Dixon's line, we should confine our whole commerce to the same restrictions. The South has comparatively no vessels, and she would be able to carry but a small portion of our productions. The Colonization Society have ships of their own, and are able to carry all emigrants to Liberia. The members of that Society are among the most eminent and distinguished men of our country, and are entirely free from the imputation of abolitionism. I shall therefore oppose the amendment.

The amendments were rejected. The bill was then put on its passage and passed by a large majority.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1856.

AFTER four years of undignified retirement under the half-pay of decayed statesmanship, Millard Fillmore, whose accidental Presidency was made infamous by the Fugitive Slave act, comes back upon the hustings, asking for people's votes to reinstate him in the same place. Like a mature and widely-known belle, whose captivating face has been for four seasons missing at a fashionable watering place, this political *old girl* returns to the scene of her former triumphs, to find her former admirers engrossed with younger beauties, and her whole style of manners, dress and conversation a little passé.

Mr. Fillmore cannot succeed. All the precedents of our history are against him. If a President wishes to be reëlected, he must present his claims while he is still an incumbent of the office and holds the distribution of its patronage. Four years is a long period for the people to remember. If a candidate is once laid on the table under the rules, having declined or failed to receive a renomination after he has once been President, it has been considered by all the rules of politics a political demise. Mr. Van Buren, indeed, tried his fortune of a reëlection after an eight years' interregnum, but effected nothing but his own disgrace, elevating, perhaps, his own reputation to effect the overthrow of a rising party, whom he really hated, and desired to damn by a fatal connection with himself.

Like Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Fillmore reappears under singular auspices, and with novel surroundings. When selected for the Vice-Presidency, it was to be an embodiment of the conservative element of Whigism, its aristocracy of wealth and respectability, and thus to give character to a nondescript Administration, whose politics were by no means agreed upon by its supporters. He was true to the ideas he was chosen to express. No sooner had the supreme power fallen into his hands than he hastened to arrest the unexpectedly liberal tendencies of the Taylor Cabinet. The weight of the Executive, from a position of neutrality, was thrown upon the side of the Slave Power. The resistance to the free incursion of slavery was suppressed or bought off, the compromises that had been contemptuously rejected in the gross were accepted in detail, and the Fugitive Slave bill, thought to be an atrocious threat only, became the law of the land. While he was President, the whole weight of his government was uniformly on the side of the reaction, and he himself so thoroughly secured the confidence of the South that even the more conspicuous treachery of Webster could not induce a voter of them to swerve from the man who had testified his devotion by deeds and not by words. All this was eminently wicked, but not without a certain character of respectability. The blind old conservative was true to the instincts and nervous fears of his class, and was simply *standing by his order* against the irruption of reformatory principles.

But this new *avatar* of the ex-President is decidedly not respectable, for himself at any rate. *Know-Nothing* vulgarity might have found somebody else to wipe its old shoes upon, for their connection with him can but degrade both parties. *Know-Nothingism* now represents the claptrap and gammon of American politics—the pure, unadulterated charlatanry and deceit, the element that was only a small ingredient in the *hurrah* that swept General Jackson into the Presidency, and in the Hard-Cider enthusiasm which produced the overthrow of Van Buren. What popular enthusiasm can be affixed to the name or the history of Millard Fillmore? Is there a character in our history that has such a feeble tenure upon the popular feeling? There he is, the plainest, boldest, most unornamental political hack in the country. He can't even boast the rough-familiarity with the people that should earn him a *nickname*. One thinks of him as the functionary that sanctioned and executed the doubly infamous Fugitive Slave act, and in that capacity as the chief slave-hunter of the country. Much good will such a name do the poor distracted, disrupted Natives. They want no dead-weight about their necks to accelerate their rapid subsidence into oblivion. If they could have found some like man of generous character, popular tendencies, and interesting history, like Sam Houston, to hang their waning fortunes upon, it might have prolonged their misery a few years longer, but Millard Fillmore can only be a password to political damnation.

This nomination seems to be purely a Southern demonstration. The slaveholders who had insolently withdrawn from the fellowship of Northern doughfaces, not sufficiently servile to their dictation, returned again as soon as they found they could have the candidate, better for their purposes than a hundred platforms. Still, though made by the South so exclusively, this nomination is for the benefit of the North. It is not designed, probably it is not thought safe, to divert any *Southern* support from the natural allies of slavery, the *Kansas-Nebraska Democracy*. The slaveholding aristocracy never satisfy themselves with laying plans by which to obtain the success of the party with which they identify themselves; they are careful ever to designate the candidate and the principles of the party which they mean to defeat, and thus place the assurance of victory beyond any contingency of political chance.

At present we do not see in any Northern State, out of the avowed pro-slavery reaction, any party whence any substantial support can be hoped for such a candidate. There are the galvanized remains of a Whig party in several of the Northern States, acting, generally, torpidly with the Pierce Democracy, but sometimes in feeble convulsions by itself. If these men did not hate Know-Nothingism almost as bad as anti-slavery (as they happen to, everywhere out of New York), they would welcome this nomination as their own resurrection. Mr. Fillmore is their idea of a statesman, and *Union-saving*, which was a fashion of his Administration, is still their favourite political diversion. But how can these antique personages, who shudder at all changes and stickle for old names and old measures, relish this new dodge of Americanism? They will probably wait till the Republican campaign is arranged, and then give in their adhesion to the Know Nothing platform, when it shall have all the effect of treachery and desertion. As to the *Know-Nothings* proper we cannot see why the name of Fillmore will not disen chant them from any delusion they may hitherto have had of making a movement based upon the proscription of one inferior class subsidiary to the enfranchisement of another. The Northern man who would vote for Mr. Fill more is certainly beyond the reach of any honest stratagem to connect him with an anti-slavery party.

It may thus result that the slaveholders have in this move outwitted themselves; that, in lieu of dividing their enemies, they have really divided their friends, and distributed the pro-slavery support between two leaders, and thus insured the defeat of both. Of course the South must keep a show of zeal and good faith towards the candidate they have nominated, to keep the North in confidence. They may do it so effectually as to carry over some of the doubtful States, as Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee, but they will not succeed in turning the issue of this or any other election upon any other question than that of *slavery*. All the florid rhetoric and turgid eloquence that a bigoted patriotism may relieve itself of cannot make the people of this nation forget that serious question which has come to divide not only their political feelings, but to determine their permanent, social and personal sympathies and antipathies. Upon this question the oral and written discussions of the next campaign must principally turn. Whatever other matters are thrown in to arrest and divert this discussion must be speedily booted out as irrelevant and ridiculous. Thus the permanent distinctions will be more than ever Pro-Slavery and Anti-Slavery. The anti-slavery sentiment will be as never before completely eliminated from the two sides of the political equation, and will stand alone to have its weight and value tested. We, of course, do not look to the Republican party as the final organization of a popular Northern sentiment which is, for the last time, to give battle to and extirpate the Slave Power. But as an approach to that organization, as a natural and wholesome evidence of the growth of Northern anti-slavery, we are deeply interested in that party, and hope to see it governed by prudence and fidelity.

There seems to be a golden opportunity before it. The growing audacity of the Slave Power is constantly furnishing them with new arguments; the deepening convictions of the people, chiefly due to the moral and religious discussion of the slavery question in all the North, is every day making them converts. If they adhere to their avowed purposes and bring forward a candidate whose past career has gained the confidence of the people that he will be true to those purposes, they may be able to so far change the wicked and dangerous policy of the National Government that it will not be wholly prostituted to the service of slavery. But if, alarmed at what will undoubtedly be threatened, and what may possibly ensue upon such a revolution, the *secession of the slaveholding States* and, the *disruption of the Union*, they hesitate and compromise, and qualify the integrity of their principles, or if they trust the administration of their policy to unknown or unfriendly hands, the staff of accomplishment will be lost, the favouring tide of fortune will turn, and the whole movement now looming so large in the political sky will be hooted into a minority, as feeble as that which resisted the Slave Oligarchy in 1852. Thus far prudence seems to have characterized their councils. Their adherence to their candidate for Speaker was heroic and soldierly. The recent Convention at Pittsburg seems to have disclosed more vitality and enthusiasm in the party than the country had expected, and a quiet dignity and earnestness indicative of strength. We are on the eve of great things. And the changes effected in the private thought by the anti-slavery sentiment will soon show more conspicuously, in events, the force and energy of the popular regeneration. And that regeneration, when it comes, will be one which will sweep into oblivion all party hacks, and all trace of mere party politics. The question is one of Liberty or Slavery throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof, and is to be settled on that broad basis. It is Disunion or Abolition, and that whether we choose to make it so or not.

"EVANGELICAL" FREE-LOVE.

WE have watched the religious journals with some interest to see how they would treat the recent disclosures as to the sanction of polygamy by the missionaries in India, and particularly by the Rev. Dr. Allen, who was for twenty-five years a missionary of the American Board in that country, and is still, we presume, receiving his salary from the Board's treasury. They were prompt to cry out against free-love as taught by those whom they esteemed as religious heretics; we were curious to see how they would treat the same thing when presented in the name of evangelical religion and under the sanction of orthodox divines and missionaries. We find it makes a mighty difference whether Lust comes in the name of Heresy and Reform, or of Conservatism and Orthodoxy. Here is *The Independent*, for example, which, in a notice of Dr. Allen's work, can only muster courage to utter this feeble and halting deprecation:

"But what shall be said of Dr. Allen's view of *polygamy*?" * * * "We believe, however, that the missionaries of the American Board have dissented in some points from the decision of the [Calcutta] Conference; and that they require of the candidate for church membership a formal declaration of his views on the subject of polygamy in terms that would satisfy most of the friends of the Board in this country. It strikes us that the reasoning of Dr. Allen leans more toward the Old Testament than toward the New. The question of polygamy is likely to become a practical question under the Constitution of the United States. Its bearings are too extensive to be discussed in connection with the mere notice of a book; but we may revert to it in our editorial columns."

Well, we shall wait with interest to see what *The Independent* may have to say in its editorial columns. Meanwhile, we should like to be informed whether the "formal declaration of his views" which the Hindoo polygamist is required by the American Board to sign forbids him to cohabit with more than one wife.

The Hartford *Religious Herald* utters a strong testimony against this connivance with impurity and sin. After quoting the passage in which it is declared that a polygamist must not be eligible to office in the Church, it says:

"Nor should he be eligible to church membership. When the Saviour was on the earth, He placed an emphatic *veto* on all such transactions, and plainly denounced the sin of having more than one wife. How the missionaries of Calcutta could arrive at the conclusion they did, we are at a loss to conceive. If they had designed to introduce polygamy into the Christian Church, they could not have devised a better plan for doing it than the one which they have adopted. A more fatal poison could not have been introduced into the Church, and it will be sure to work the ruin of the missionary churches in Calcutta, if their converts are allowed to practice it. Much better would it be for the ultimate success of the Gospel to reject such converts entirely from the pale of Christian communion, and thus place the Church in open and declared hostility to the practice. If one of the vices of heathenism is to be tolerated by the missionary churches, then may another, and so on through the whole dark category of the sins of heathenism—a simple avowal of their faith in the Christian religion being all that is necessary in order to church membership. Such Jesuit proselytism should never be tolerated among evangelical missionaries."

If any other orthodox religious journals have noticed the subject in any way, the fact has escaped our observation.

NORTHERN METHODIST SLAVEHOLDERS.

THERE has been considerable discussion of late as to the number of slaveholders belonging to the Northern Methodist Church. Dr. Durbin, who is anxious to prevent the exclusion of this class of Methodists from Church fellowship, expressed the opinion recently that their number was very small—so small, indeed, as hardly to justify the zeal of the anti-slavery party for their expulsion. The evil was so small that he thought it not worth while to make much fuss about it. His statistics, made up from hearsay, have been proved to be erroneous by testimony that is not likely to be impeached. The Richmond (Va.) *Christian Advocate*, one of the organs of the *Southern* Methodists, furnishes us with some statements on this subject which it is worth while to put on record. After remarking that the question of right in the case is the same, whether the number of slaveholders be few or many, it says:

"Leaving the moral aspects of this extract, for the present, let us look at the statistics on which it rests. We have entire confidence in the Christian integrity of Dr. Durbin. That he believed in the correctness of the account as to the probable number of slaveholders in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the places named, we doubt not. But we are strongly inclined to the opinion that the Doctor was hoaxed. We are frequently plied with letters from some of the places named by Dr. Durbin, charging that both ministers and laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church are as deeply involved in slaveholding as any others; that they buy and sell; and we are importuned to open our columns to a statement of facts in support of these things. We have this day read a complaining letter against us for withholding articles setting forth facts of the kind. Some of our correspondents desire to give the Abolitionists the facts they are seeking, in order to enlightened action on their perverse and vicious principles of changing the rule. Believing they intend to rule or ruin Methodism, and satisfied that those concerned withhold the light in relation to slaveholding in the Western Virginia, Baltimore and other Conferences, they beg us to let them speak right out on the subject. One says:

"'Some of us in this Conference are of opinion that the Northern papers and writers are deceived, and deceiving others in reference to the connection the Methodist Episcopal Church North has with slavery, or there could be no doubt entertained as to the action of the General Conference in changing the rule on slavery. Hence we feel inclined to say what we know on that subject.'

"He thinks the truth is concealed, as it seems to us in the case, in the statement given by Dr. Durbin on the authority of just such as our correspondent wishes to expose. He ought to send his facts to a Northern market.

"Another informs us that one of the most talented ministers of —— Conference owns slaves. Next week we shall publish a letter from a slaveholder in the Philadelphia Conference.

"But we beg to say to our correspondents whose letters we have laid aside that we have frequently published just such facts as are now presented. Besides, we have no particular desire to assist the Abolitionists in their mad designs against the unity and peace of the Methodist Episcopal Church. If Conferences in the slaveholding States prefer connection with abolitionism, why, just let them enjoy their rights. If they prefer, in view of all their own known and acknowledged relations of slavery, to hold on to the Northern Church, to remain in it by sufferance, or to be driven out of it by special enactment in changing the law of membership, why, they are free men, know their responsibilities, and are at liberty to act for themselves. They choose their own lot, and we have neither the right nor the desire to interfere.

"On the general subject of publishing matters of the kind, we think enough has been done in time past. We are disposed to wait the action of the General Conference in May next. Isolated cases and personal expositions will not change its deliberations, nor affect the character of its predetermined legislation."

HOW THE OBSERVER PROMOTES INFIDELITY.

WE said last week that we were not alone in our belief that the *New York Observer* is an exceedingly pernicious paper—that multitudes of orthodox people regard it essentially in the same light. We have an example in point. The *Maine Evangelist*, in noticing the *Observer's* efforts to make Abolitionists, as such, responsible for the prevalent skepticism in respect to the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures, expresses opinions of the character and influence of that journal which are shared by thousands of the best men in the Church.

"But deeply as we regret Mr. Garrison's course, we do not think it has been the occasion of a tithe of the infidelity which has resulted from such religious (or irreligious) teaching as is indicated in the extract from the *Observer*. '*They know the Bible does tolerate slavery.*'

"In speaking of the causes of infidelity, it must be understood that the prime cause, without which others would generally be powerless, is the 'evil hearts of unbelief.' Infidelity is latent in every sinful heart. Conscience, or the conviction that the Bible is right, checks its development. In this view, whatever relaxes the bonds of conscience promotes infidelity. In this way the misconduct of Christians makes infidels.

"The declaration of the *Observer* that 'the Bible does tolerate slavery' is supposed to express the conviction of that large class who sympathize with that journal. This assertion must be understood of *American slavery as it is*. We have no concern with any other system of servitude. It is to defend this system from the attacks of those who know it to be a system of gross injustice that they claim the sanction of the Bible for what they call Hebrew slavery. Men whose moral perceptions are not perverted can never be convinced that it is not a gross wrong. And just so far as the *Observer* and its co-religionists have succeeded in producing the conviction on such minds that the Bible sanctions slavery, they have unbound the conscience and given place for the conviction that the Bible is not of God.

"Men growing rich on Southern trade, or men held by party ties, may contrive to compromise with their convictions, and, in a general way, believe both in the Bible and in slavery; while thousands of the grossly selfish and sensual care little for either, but not so the better part.

"For nearly twenty years, in a community just outside the influences which have culminated at Castle Garden, we have watched, with intense interest, the influences which have affected the better class of minds not connected with the Church; and it is our sincere re-conviction that where Mr. G. has made one infidel, the claim of religious teachers, put forth in various ways, that the Bible *does* tolerate American slavery, has made ten. No doubt he has had more direct influence in other localities, but nowhere could he have effected much if professed Christians had not laboured to find a justification or an apology for slavery in the Bible, and thus prepared his way."

Of course it is not true that Mr. Garrison is an infidel in any other than the *pro-slavery* sense of that word, or that his influence is calculated to make infidels; but on this point the *Evangelist* may honestly differ from us. It is enough to say that the tree is known by its fruits.

GERRIT SMITH TO GOV. CHASE.

WE received, some time since, a long letter addressed to Salmon P. Chase, Governor of Ohio, by Hon. Gerrit Smith. Unable to find room for it in our columns, we laid it aside with the double purpose of publishing extracts therefrom and subjecting some of its passages to friendly criticism. The accumulation of matter upon our table, however, has hindered the fulfilment of this design until we are constrained to relinquish it altogether. We cannot, however, withhold from our readers the following remarks of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*, with the spirit of which we entirely agree, notwithstanding we are constrained to differ from Mr. Smith on some important points.

"GERRIT SMITH'S LETTER presents the position of the Republican party in its true light, and we beg the members of that party to give it a careful consideration. The people of this nation, if intelligent and honest on this slavery question, have but two courses before them; either to abolish slavery under the Constitution, or to abolish the Constitution because it is the support of slavery. We most cordially concur with Mr. Smith that the only effectual way to keep slavery out of the Territories is to expel it from the States, the present organization continuing. Abolish slavery in Missouri, and Kansas is safe. In no other way can she be, unless the North steps out of the Union and takes Kansas with her.

"Mr. Smith's rebuke of Governor Chase's silence in regard to slave-hunting and slave-catching is eloquent—is severe. But it is justly merited, and not merited alone by Mr. Chase, but by the whole Republican party in Ohio. It was silent in deference to the weak brethren from the Whig and Democratic and Know-Nothing ranks, who felt bound to continue their constitutional countenance of kidnapping. In order to secure these in its embrace, the party was silent as the grave in regard to the humiliating submission of our State on this subject. To this wicked and dishonourable silence on the part of the professed anti-slavery men of the State are we in a great measure indebted, as we verily believe, for the late Cincinnati slave-hunt and its terrible tragedy. It is the imperative duty of those who make and administer the laws of Ohio to see to it that not another slave is ever returned to the land of chains—that not another human being is even tried for his freedom or seized as a slave within the limits of Ohio. Those who can elect rulers are complicated in the guilt of kidnapping and slave-rendition, if they place men in power who will not do this.

"We are sorry to add that the late Republican Convention in Pittsburg, which has been held since the above was written, has not relieved the party from the complicity charged by Mr. Smith. It perpetuates its objectionable policy and gives no hope of change for the better."

"MEN OF ONE IDEA."—The *New York Evangelist* characterizes this class of persons as a "dreary set," "an annoyance hardly to be borne," men who, if "left to themselves, would tear society in pieces." It

be in time for conveyances out of the city, the whole audience gave fixed attention to the last.

Prefixed to a sketch of this lecture in *The Times* was the following graphic portraiture. It is so good, on the whole, that we cannot resist the temptation to copy it, although it does great injustice to Mr. Parker in the closing paragraph.

"We do not wonder that everybody wishes to hear Theodore Parker once, nor that, having heard him once, everybody aches to hear him again, for he is one of the most remarkable men of the age. The pastor of a Congregational Church, he preaches a doctrine at which almost every other Church in the land shudders—an infidel as he does not resent it to be called. Henry Ward Beecher said of him, not in words, but substantially, a month or two since, in the Plymouth Church pulpit, 'In his gropings through nature for the right, and unillumined by a Bible, he has found more truth, and felt closer to the hand of God, than many clerically orthodox fogies, fumbling and stumbling over their Bibles, have ever dreamed of doing.'

"Personally, Mr. Parker is of middling size. With his shining bald crown, a white beard worn quite long under his chin, and a cincture of short iron gray hair, he would look easily like a monk, if this were the Ninth instead of the Nineteenth Century, and, instead of being out on the field tearing up the roots of great sins, he were in his library studying the Scholastics, and sowing the seeds of the great thoughts and strange principles which were to spring up and bear fruit a thousand years afterward. He dresses in the plainest black, as a clergyman should, but wears a black cravat instead of white, as should a sensible man. Light spectacle-boughs hug his temples firmly, and perhaps it is they, perhaps the murky twilight which the Tabernacle affords, when its darkness is illuminated and made plain by the few feeble gas burners, that make you wonder perpetually whether you see all his face, or whether he is masked. When he rises, he acknowledges the applause—for your extreme men, whom nine-tenths of the world think all are cursing, are always applauded when they come personally before the people—with semi-graceful bows. He lays his crushed and creased MSS. before him on the desk, and reads, or recites, or extemporizes, in about the same tone throughout, and you are not sure whether he reads or whether it is written at all, except as occasionally the leaves are turned. His gestures are abundant and rather forcible. His method is entirely unpretending; a very poor preacher with a very poor sermon might read it in the same way and you would call it stupid. He speaks very slowly, very distinctly, very easily, and uses such plain Saxon that you marvel how such a common dress of wording can wrap and keep clothed so much stirring thought. His speech is full of illustrations, but they are rather etchings than pictures. One sentence, two, or three, at most, finish his most elaborate illustrations. Sometimes a word, or the mere snapper of a sentence, does it all. His brief sentences seem as tough as oaks and as sapless as oak-planks; but the next minute he has unbent one of them and shown a rich, fat, nutty sentiment in it. He has a great advantage over every other man, except Garrison or Wendell Phillips, in his perfect recklessness. He says things and is applauded for them which would doom a less gifted man to popular contempt and perpetual hissing. He cannot be reckless to his own character and consistency, of course; but of that there is no danger, he being a thorough master of his grand 'one idea.' He treads boldly where all others go mincingly and with breath held in.

"The audience last night was hushed when he spoke of Washington, and breathed freer when that passage was over, thankful that he had uttered a eulogy and not seen fit to malign the Father of his Country. He has no sympathy with those weak sons of Noah who went backward to their drunken father and covered his nakedness. Catching the old man drunk, he creeps up stealthily, and then, pointing out his disgrace, begs all the world to curse him. In this way it was he uncovered the dead body of Webster, made a mock of the failings that grateful countrymen felt it a duty to ignore. If he had lived in Rome, he would have delighted to bray such of the gods as were done in marble to powder; and if he found one in which there was breath, he would have dissected him alive, and proved that the gods had bowels, even as weak men. Yet, Theodore Parker is human; he smiles when he says a very good thing, at which all laugh; and he is sensitive, evidently, to cheers or hisses. His characteristics as a lecturer were never more plainly put on exhibition than last night. He spoke two hours to a breathless audience, and, for one, we would have sat out another hour without one feeling of weariness, or even of willingness to have him close."

The Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, has again emerged from private life, and is making a "progress" through the country, with a lecture upon Washington in his pocket. To hear his lecture is a sufficient reason for inviting him from place to place, and he has been tolled along already as far south as Richmond, Va. There, we observe, he has been tendered the freedom of the city, from which, we conclude, that the authorities of Richmond had found out that he had forgotten to bring his free papers with him from Boston.

The Washington lecture elicits a good deal of admiration, and is, no doubt, a good one; for, whatever we may think of Mr. Everett as a man, there can be no question as to his fine scholarship and his finished qualifications as a public speaker. But one remarkable omission is made in his picture of Washington—his hearers do not learn from him whether the great Virginian was a slaveholder, or whether he had any opinions, abstract or otherwise, upon the subject of slavery. Some of our contemporaries, we observe, are disposed to quarrel with Mr. Everett for this omission. They do not seem to consider that his lecture is, naturally enough—if not necessarily, when we consider the amiable character of the lecturer—altogether and entirely eulogistic of the character of his subject. There is quite enough for which he can praise Washington; is it to be expected that he should look for words and acts for which he could only blame him? Washington more than once expressed a strong condemnation of the system of slavery; and though that feeling was not deep enough to urge him to free himself from it during his lifetime, it was sufficiently so to prompt him to give freedom to his slaves when he was to go to that "undiscovered country" where the ownership of this sort of property is supposed to be rather an incumbrance than otherwise. Of course Mr. Everett knows, as everybody else does, that Washington disapproved of slavery, in the abstract, and that he approved of people emancipating their slaves when they had done with them; but as he can only look upon these facts as weaknesses in the otherwise great character of the "Father of his Country," how could he be expected to dwell upon or even to allude to them?

One of our neighbours of the morning press indulges itself in some reminiscences of Mr. Everett's career which ought to secure for him the freedom of every city south of Mason and Dixon's line. It quotes his declaration of sentiments on the subject of slavery, made in the House of Representatives, at Washington, in 1826. The passage has been often repeated, but it is well enough to have it always at hand. The salient point in great men's opinions cannot be brought forward too often when they take to travelling about the country on the eve of Presidential nominations. Here is the extract:

"Sir, I am no soldier; my habits and education and very unmilitary; but there is no cause in which I would sooner buckle a knapsack on my back, and put a musket on my shoulder, than that of putting down a servile insurrection at the South. The great relation of servitude, in some form or other, with greater or less departure from the theoretic equality of men, is inseparable from our nature. Domestic slavery is not, in my judgment, to be set down as an immoral or irreligious relation. No, Sir; the New Testament says, 'slaves obey your masters.' I cannot admit that its duties are not presupposed and sanctioned by religion. I know of no way by which the form of this servitude can be fixed, but by political institutions."

This was said thirty years ago. Northern men who would say such things new are not so common as then, and Southern men are still less so who would reply to it as John Randolph did, who, pointing at Mr. Everett his long, bony finger, hissed out at him: "Sir, I envy neither the head nor the heart of that man from the North, who rises here to defend slavery *upon principle*." And hardly less severely was he rebuked by Mr. Mitchell, of Tennessee, who said:

"Sir, I do not go the length of the gentleman from Massachusetts, and hold that the existence of slavery in this country is almost a blessing. On the contrary, I am firmly settled on the opinion that it is a great curse—one of the greatest evils that could have been interwoven into our system. I, Mr. Chairman, am one of those whom these poor wretches call master. I do not task them; I feed and clothe them well; but yet, alas, Sir, they are slaves, and slavery is a curse in any shape."

Mr. Everett is, at least, consistent in saying nothing, in his lecture, of any anti-slavery sentiment maintained by Washington, and gives therefore the best evidence that he himself thinks now upon that subject as he did thirty years ago.

Touching on the Raw.—The London *Telegraph* thinks the British Government ought not to submit to the American interpretation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, but to go to war at once, with the avowed purpose of striking off the fetters of the American slaves. This is what it says:

"We are afraid that there is but one way to settle this dispute, and that is at the point of the bayonet. The aggressive spirit of the people of the United States requires an humbling, and it is for us to perform the task. England's mission is to complete the great work commenced by her in 1834, when she liberated her slaves. There are now over three million human beings held in cruel bondage in the United States; fellow-creatures who are prepared to go through fire and water, even to the very gates of death itself, to escape from their Republican taskmasters; mothers who destroy their children to save them from bondage; fathers who would risk the funeral pyre, like the martyrs of old, to save their little ones from the ruffian planter's lash! And in that Republican country men are burned in the public streets; children torn from the mother's bosom, and sold to vice and bondage; and women with white skins even lashed to death, or compelled to submit to the licentious behest of a brutal owner! There the laws of God and of civilized man are despised, and fellow-beings are bound as brutes and sold as chattels. If, therefore, the United States Government deny, and is resolved to question, the right of Great Britain to her Central American possessions, we, the people of the British Empire, are resolved to strike off the shackles from the feet of her 3,000,000 slaves. And there are those among us who will sanctify such a glorious cause; the people of England will deny themselves every luxury to assist their country in a contest more sacred and more glorious than ever formed the watch-word of the Crusaders of old, when combatting the infidel hosts of a Saladin. If we have not a Richard Cœur de Lion, we have one name which will carry liberty to millions, and the emancipation, by *'force of arms,'* of the slaves of the American States will be connected to the end of all time with that rallying word of freedom—Victoria."

The allusion to "mothers who destroy their children to save them from bondage" might by some have been pronounced an exaggeration but for the recent tragedy at Cincinnati. The description of the *Telegraph* is fearfully accurate in all its parts; and if war ever *should* come between the United States and Great Britain (which may God forbid), it may be that slavery would go down in blood. The slaveholders understand this, and will never, under any provocation, consent to enter upon such a contest.

Virginia Breeding.—There are two kinds of breeding in the "Old Dominion"—one on which she particularly prides herself, known there, as elsewhere, as *good*-breeding; and the other, on which she does not so much pride herself as merely live upon, is child-breeding for market. Of the former sort we have had lately two notable instances, the more striking that they inevitably remind us of the latter, which, it is to be supposed, a Virginia gentleman would be glad to keep out of mind.

The London correspondent of *The New York Herald*, in a letter by the last steamer, tells the following story:

"A good joke of our Minister at Paris, Mr. Mason, has come over here. He was at a Court ball lately at the Tuileries, and his eye happened to light on the Chargé d'Affairs of Soulouque in France, a fine-looking black. Some one, observing his steady gaze, said, 'Well, Mr. Mason, what do you think of yonder blackee in his embroidered coat?' 'Think,' replied Mr. Mason, still regarding the negro with the eye of a connoisseur, 'why, clothes and all, I think that fellow is worth a thousand dollars.' This is 'Old Virginny' all over, and everybody is laughing at the *bon mot*."

Perhaps the story is true; and if it be, it only proves that a slaveholding Republic is, properly enough, represented at a foreign court by a brute and a blackguard.

Mr. Wise, the Governor of Va., has lately written a letter on some political question—no matter what—which appears in the same number of *The Herald* with the letter from which the above is quoted. To illustrate something, he thus expresses himself:

"All nature abhors vacuums and mongrels; and so do conscientious, conservative and Constitution-loving Whigs of Virginia. They can put up better with pure Africans—wool, flat nose, odor, ebon-skin and gizzard, foot and all—better than they can bear that cross of the Caucasian and cuffy which you call a—mulatto!"

Considering who are the fathers of mulattoes, and considering the old prejudice which asks some show of dignity in Governors and Embassadors, and the old rule of goodbreeding, that a guest in insulting a fellow-guest, insults his host, these two specimens of Southern manners should make us proud of our dignitaries both at home and abroad.

Of whom will the land take counsel? There have been two sorts of counsellors hitherto. One has pointed out for twenty years the nature of slavery, its tendencies, the dangers which it threatened; and all the prophecies have come true. The other kind of counsellors have predicted peace, dissuaded from action, urged compromise, and at each reluctant step have promised the country peace.

In not a single instance have they been right. Events have overthrown every one of their promises. They have led us down deeper into trouble at every step. We have been betrayed by kisses. Excitements have deepened. Issues have multiplied. Compromises have bred cockatrices. We are spun over with webs. We are tangled with sophistries. We have everything but manliness, straightforwardness, courage and decisive wisdom. Our capital is not in ruins, and yet the prophecy against the old oriental city has come true; foxes look out of the windows; owls hoot there, and satyrs dance their orgies there. That infernal dog of a hundred heads—Slavery—sits at the gates of our Government, to bite every one that will not give a sop to Cerberus. All this we received at the hands of the very men who are again abroad with pious horror of self-defence, and treacherous counsels for a more treacherous peace!—*H. W. Beecher's Reply to the New York Observer.*

And yet Mr. Beecher esteems these very men, the authors of all this mischief—the "blind guides," who have led the nation down through compromises into the ditch of moral degradation and pollution—as good enough for his religious fellowship. He lets fly at them the javelin of denunciation from the pulpit and the press; but when he meets them in ecclesiastical relations, he endorses them before the world as genuine Christians and true ministers of the Gospel! Witness his recent union in an Ecclesiastical Council with those wolves in sheep's clothing, Hubbard Winslow and G. W. Blagden! The Pharisees of old did nothing worse than these "Christians," who, as Mr. Beecher pithily says in another place, "infest the North," and who, in every great struggle of humanity with unrighteous power, are always on the Devil's side. If *they* are Christians, who are not? If they are saints, who are sinners?

An Emancipated Slave.—The Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, Brown Co., Ohio, in a sermon delivered at the funeral of George Clark, an emancipated slave, who died lately at that place, told the following story of the deceased. We copy from the *Free Presbyterian.*

Many and great have been the sorrows of his life. He was born of a slave mother, and consequently was held as a slave until far advanced in life. His wife and children were held as slaves. He had fifteen children; nine of them the Lord liberated by death—six are still in the prison house of bondage. He was a large and strong man, with a firm constitution, able to bear and do much, and hence the more was laid upon him. He was naturally a man of integrity, and this added greatly to his value as a slave. Under the burdens of slavery, and the sorrows of a slave life, as old age came on, his firm constitution gave way, so that he was no longer profitable as a slave. Then his master set him and his aged wife free, with no comfortable provision for old age, and sent them from the State of Mississippi to Ripley, to provide for themselves. He and his aged wife, both infirm, laboured industriously nearly fourteen years, to support themselves, so as not to become a charge to the community. They had a little daughter, their youngest child; they besought the master to let them have at least that one to be with then as a comfort in old age; but the unfeeling wretch utterly refused. Thus he was deprived of freedom, and made to labour hard without wages until his constitution was broken, and old age came upon him, and then he was set free, with no suitable provision for the years of infirmity, when declining nature called for rest. He was robbed of all his children, and was not permitted to learn to read the Sacred Oracles. Such is the spirit of slavery. It transcends all other species of villany.

Late as was the hour when freedom was obtained, it was a blessing. By it our departed brother was placed in Christian society, and received religious instruction; and in a short time he professed faith in the Saviour, and uniting with the Church, and during more than twelve years was constant in his attendance at the house of God. He lived in conformity with the requisitions of the Gospel. His character was without blemish. He had the confidence and respect of all his brethren, and of the community in general. He endured a long and sore illness with patience and resignation. His hope seemed firm, as the "Anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."

Wendell Phillips recently delivered at North Adams, Mass., his lecture upon the Lost Arts. The *Transcript* of that place closes its report of the lecture as follows:

"For over an hour and a half he held the large audience in hushed delight. He resorted to no vulgar tricks of oratory—no ranting or mouthing, no attempt at display. Mr. Phillips does not belong to the 'Spread Eagle School'; he is simply natural and sincere, and that is sufficient to charm any audience. As he passed from topic to topic, and from one class of facts to another, it was like turning a Kaleidoscope; every turn flashed a new and more brilliant combination. In the hands of a common speaker, that subject would have been insufferably dull; but in his, with that faultless taste, brilliant learning and artistic nature, it was invested with magical interest.

"The close was solemn and thrilling, and here he revealed the real superiority of the Present over the Past—that with the ancients, knowledge and art was confined to the few and was lost in the convulsions which toppled the thrones of power, and engulphed the treasures of aristocracy; whereas, with the moderns, it was the possession of the million, and thus could never be lost, because so many were interested in its preservation.

"We were struck with one incident, which could not have escaped his observation. When he entered the room, there burst forth, instantaneously, an expression of welcome and applause. There was a significance in this not to be mistaken. It started among some fifty students from Williams College, who had come over to hear him; but before he reached the stand, it was general and resounded from every part. This was not elicited by Wendell Phillips the Lecturer, but by Wendell Phillips the classic orator of Freedom, the champion of the trampled millions, the advocate of emancipation. It was the tribute of the young and brave to the knightly courage, glorious eloquence and unflagging zeal he has exhibited against the colossal villanies of the Age.

"Such incidents, slight though they are, indicate the current of feeling and the tendencies of opinion. They must be gratifying to one whose finely-toned nature can so keenly enjoy appreciation and sympathy, but whose fortune has been, in the advocacy of despised truth, to receive an unusual amount of public hatred and abuse."

A Little Too Fast.—The *Indépéndance Belge*, one of the leading journals of Europe, in announcing the election of Mr. Chase as Governor of Ohio, stated that he was a negro, and congratulated the friends of social equality accordingly. The same journal also, in announcing the recent election of Speaker, committed a similar blunder in relation to Mr. Banks, as will be seen by the following extract, translated by *The Tribune.*

"The new Speaker of the House is a black of Massachusetts, who belongs, *as his colour sufficiently indicates*, to the extreme party of Abolitionism. This, then, is a victory gained by the North over the South. Upon the whole, the journals declare themselves satisfied with the choice. Mr. Banks is a man of firm and upright mind, endowed with great political sagacity, and, as his antecedents all attest, with a calm wisdom."

We get more credit here than we deserve. Our European contemporary evidently does not understand the American type of the disgusting social disease known under the name of *colourphobia*, the virus of which is infused into the very blood of the body politic. It will be a great while, we fear, before we shall have the pleasure of confirming such announcements as those above alluded to.

Littell's Living Age.—*Contents of No.* 616: Henri Beyle; Science in the Witness Box; Japan, England, and the United States; Who was the Author of the Waverly Novels; Peerages for Life; Dr. Kane's Expedition; The Relations of Science; Lions and Lion Hunting; Passages from Carlyle's Writings; Fortunes of Glencore, Part IV.; News of Peace in France and in England; Party Plans; The Ministry and Peace; Parliament and Peace; Peace Ejaculations; Mrs. Durden's View; Scandal; Peace; Great Britain and the United States; Tam O'Shanter; Poetry; Short Articles. 343 Broadway.

The Emperor of Hayti.—Recent arrivals from Hayti bring the news of the return of the Emperor to the Capital, but with his army disbanded and one-third short. No more disastrous result seems to have followed his recent defeat in the expedition against the Spanish part of the Island. He is Emperor still.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXXXV.

The Argument.—The Correspondent is wroth with the Editors—He upbraideth them—He exalteth himself—He warneth the Editors by the fate of other great men—He lamenteth the lack of subjects—He calleth in review his favourite heroes and mourneth that they are idle—He doth justice to Mr. Everett—He apologizeth and explaineth—He is pathological, sympathetic and consolatory—He describeth Mr. Whipple's lecture on Slavery—He asketh for more—He telleth of the changed tone of newspapers—But comforteth Mr. Whipple—Of Fools and Abolitionists—Of the ill success of the Course—And of the probable reasons—Of the Jury Bill—And that of Personal Liberty—The Correspondent is subacidulous again, and so endeth, &c. &c. &c.

Boston, March 10, 1856.

It is a very great piece of assurance on your part to ask me for a letter two weeks running. At any rate, it is in the highest degree inconsiderate. Do you suppose the human mind can bear the strain of such efforts, without intervals of rest, without succumbing under the over-task? You should consider the immense amount of research, the profound reflection, the laborious elaboration, the careful revision, which go to the making up of these Epistles General. A wise economy demands that the most fertile intellects be allowed a season of fallowing after an exhausting crop has been taken off. You must beware of "murdering" the soil, as they say in Virginia, by a succession of the same kind of harvests. And then the brain itself will not submit to be abused by over-work beyond a certain point. Did not Walter Scott shorten his life by twenty years through his excessive intellectual labours? Did not Southey break down at a little past sixty from the same intemperance of study? Did not the mighty brain of O'Connell soften and melt in the fervent heat of the passions kindled by his incessant toils? And would you have your Correspondent join the noble army of martyrs who have perished through their mistaken struggles to make the brain do more than its assigned stint of work? I cannot think it. And though I yield to your solicitations this once, it is on the understanding that this yielding shall not grow into a precedent, and that I shall be allowed my usual interval of repose between these Herculean toils.

And where do you suppose I am to find raw material to be worked up into a tissue such as I should choose to put my trade-mark upon, at this short notice? Do you suppose that Commissioner Curtis is forever sitting on the judgment-seat, at the imminent risk of his life, signing Sims Certificates? Do you imagine that Judge Loring, in his regular course of duty as the guardian of the rights of the weak and unprotected classes, never ceases to restore stray Burnses to the parental care of an unending line of Suttles? Do you fancy the Sims Brigade on constant duty, and the Burns Guard earning their two dollars a day forever? Do you picture to yourself General Edmands eternally in the saddle, gently leading back his Baptist brothers in Christ from the path of error, and prevailing upon them to return to the fold at Union, Fauquier County, Virginia ("I love to give the whole name," as the Vicar of Wakefield did that of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Scroggs), to the glory of God and the edification of the Church? Do you suppose that Mayor Bigelow or Mayor Smith is still reigning over us? Is Mr. Everett incessantly making Speeches in magnification of Mr. Webster or in sustentation of the Union? And is the lyre of Dr. Holmes never unstrung? Alas, all these things are too good to last long. Judge Loring has returned again to the protection of mere vulgar Widows and Orphans. Commissioner Curtis has sunk out of sight. Where he is, I know not. I only know that he is *not* District Attorney. The Sims Brigade have exchanged the musket for the yardstick and retired from the field behind the counter. The Burns Guard stand at ease under their laurels and sigh as they think of the golden days of their only campaign. General Edmands has returned to his gallipots. Mayor Smith employs his leisure on a revised edition of "The Fishes of Massachusetts"—several very Odd Ones having been caught in our political waters within the last two years. Mr. Everett has gone to impart to the daughters of Virginia his edition of the Character of Washington, one with omissions, alterations and improvements upon that he left behind him in December, 1799. Dr. Holmes has not struck his lyre (that I have heard of) for more than a fortnight. He is reposing after past labours and gathering strength for yet higher flights. But, in this state of things, "where shall I go," as Mr. Webster once ejaculated, for something to say?

The mention of Mr. Everett's name, however, reminds me to apologize for the injustice I did to that eminent gentleman in my last letter. I was, unfortunately, not present at the delivery of his Discourse, being detained by important public business in another quarter, and I was misled by the imperfect sketches of what he said, in the newspapers the next day, to do injustice to the patriotism that informed it. I intimated, I believe, that he did not save the Union to the extent which the well-wishers of that interesting invalid had hoped. Considering the incessant nursing and loads of doctor's-stuff prescribed by sawbones of every school which is essential to patch up its battered Constitution and to keep it, though tottering, on its pins, it seemed strange that so skilful a practitioner as Mr. Everett should miss so excellent an opportunity for trying his hand at it. I am happy to correct any misapprehensions which my mistakes may have occasioned. And I would beg your readers to understand that Mr. Everett did everything that the warmest friends of the sufferer could demand, as I have learned from further inquiry, and that they have no reason to doubt his skill or zeal in the matter of the preservation of this valuable life. Indeed, should he be proposed, at any future time, as Head Watcher by this sick bed, perhaps after Nurse Fillmore's term is over, he can be depended upon as thoroughly reliable (a vile word, but I have n't time to look up a better) in so nice a pathological case, and none of your readers need withhold their votes from him on any suspicion of unsoundness or want of skill.

Mr. E. P. Whipple delivered the last lecture in the course on Slavery, and I think the best of it, on Thursday evening. I believe it was the first appearance of this celebrated lecturer on the Anti-Slavery stage, and his *début* did him much credit. It was carefully prepared and well delivered, and, though fanatics of your type might have found flaws in it, it was a very excellent Discourse on the general subject. I trust that he will find frequent occasion for putting his keen and glittering blade into this vineyard; for verily, though the harvest is great, the labourers are few. It was curious to see how the pro-slavery papers all changed their tone about him, the moment it was known that he had "wagged his paw" in an Anti-Slavery pulpit. Sneers and ill-natured sayings took the place of the almost uninterrupted praise which has cheered this gentleman on in his profession as a lecturer. But they will do him no harm in that particular, even. The people who sanction and frequent Lyceums all over the Free States are, as a general thing, of Anti-Slavery tendencies and will like a man none the worse for having spoken out on this subject. Or, if not fully of that way of thinking, they have come to learn that it is with Lyceum lecturers as it is with the rising generation of Unitarian ministers, of whom a shrewd (if profane) parish committeeman said, in reply to a complaint that so many d—d Abolitionists had been invited to preach—"you must choose between having a d—d Abolitionist and a d—d fool!" Of the two, the Lyceums, at least, will prefer the Abolitionist without the folly to the Fool without the Abolitionism. So that godliness in this particular, if it has not been great gain, at least has not been a great loss to the lecturers before Lyceums. This Course on Slavery has been by no means the success that the last year's one was. That took the tide exactly at the flood and was borne on to fortune. This year there is a natural reflux of which it has felt the power. But, still, though the tide is ever surging backwards and forwards, the waves are ever gaining and gaining ground, and the shore-marks have ever to be moved farther and farther back. The choice of lecturers, in some particulars, probably, had something to do with the result, particularly the including of some of the most insolent of the slaveholders among them. Though their names might draw a curious crowd on the nights of their lectures, still the moral disapprobation felt for the proceeding damaged the course in general more than proportionably. At least, I think so.

You have heard, doubtless, that our General Court has refused to repeal or modify the law of the last session whereby the Jury were told to pass upon the law as well as the facts of a case. The Judges have been encroaching on the rights of Juries long enough, and it is time that matters were put on the old Anglo-Saxon basis again. There is no danger that Judges will not have their due weight. In all cases between man and man, relating to property or damages, Juries will be ready enough to take the opinion of the Court on any intricate point of law or evidence. But in political trials, where the Jury is most needed for the protection of personal liberty, its independence of the Bench is all essential. The natural tendency of a Judge is to the side of power, and of all the tools of tyranny there are none so mischievous or so ready as a Judge. Where there is one Camden, there are fifty Jeffreyses and Scroggses and Griers and Kanes. The "twelve men in a box" is all the safeguard we have in this country against centralization and despotism. It is good, then, to see the rights of Juries recognised, or, rather, the Common Law declared, by statute. It was none too soon. The more the matter is stirred, the more important will the question appear and the more imperative a return to the first principles of the institution. I hope we may augur well from this action for the Personal Liberty Bill of last year—and against the life of which our admirable Governor is in conspiracy with the Hunkers of all shades.

But, I do believe I am growing didactic. I was afraid, when I began, that I should have to take to preaching before I got through. If so, you have nobody to thank but yourselves. If you will set me to making bricks without straw, you must n't be surprised at finding them a trifle dry. Still, however, though a poor brick, it may serve to stop a flaw in your columns. And as it seems to have about the proper number of square inches, I believe I will put it off just here. But you won't find me so good-natured another time. I shall not write you another letter, I promise you, until I have something to say.—D. Y.

Summary.

At a concert given by the Hutchinsons for the benefit of the fugitive slaves recently under examination in Cincinnati, the amount of $133.40 was realized.

A bill has been introduced into the Louisiana Legislature which provides that all slaves hereafter manumitted in that State shall be transported beyond the limits of the United States.

A man named Hunter has been fined $1,000, and forfeited six slaves at New Orleans, for selling them in such a manner as to separate mother and child, contrary to the laws of Louisiana.—*Elizabeth (N. C.) Democrat, 4th inst.*

Backed Out.—The lower House of the Nebraska Legislature passed a bill granting the right of suffrage to women. This excited so much discussion and warmth, and threatened to be so unpopular, that the gallant legislators backed out of their position, and reconsidered the vote and killed the bill.

Mrs. Farnham in California.—A letter from San Francisco has the following: "Mrs. Farnham is lecturing on the Social and Intellectual Development of Man. She is drawing crowded houses, and receiving great applause from her hearers. Woman's rights is not treated in the course. She intends to canvass the entire State."

The Clergy and Dancing.—A few Sundays ago, at Boonsborough, Md., a clergyman informed all his congregation who had been engaged in dancing that they could consider themselves dismissed from church privileges, and also from the Sabbath school. Another clergyman of the same place delivered a sermon, on the 13th ult., against "social dancing."

Failure of C. M. Clay.—A correspondent, writing from Lexington, under yesterday's date, advises us of the failure of Captain Cassius M. Clay. His assignees are his brother Brutus J. Clay, and M. C. Johnson, Esq., of Lexington. For several years past Mr. Clay has been a large speculator in hogs, and to the recent heavy decline in hog product, we presume, may be attributed his unfortunate failure.—*Louisville Courier, 28th ult.*

Protection of Slave Property.—The Virginia Legislature is considering several bills designed to prevent the escape of fugitive slaves. In the course of the debate on Tuesday, it was stated that the people of Norfolk have lost slave property to the value of $50,000 within the last twelve months. One of the bills provides for the inspection of vessels, to see that no fugitive is on board; steam packets paying the officer $5 for each inspection, other vessels $10.

A Requisition.—We understand that Gov. Chase has made a requisition upon Gov. Morehead, of Kentucky, for the arrest of the slave woman who killed one of her children in this city, and who, by the decree of Judge Leavitt, has been returned to slavery. The messenger in whose hands the requisition has been placed is Joseph Cooper, Esq., of Hamilton County. He leaves this morning for Frankfort.—*Cin. Gazette, 6th.*

The *N. Y. Observer* is received "for notice." We commend it heartily to all our readers who can swallow the statement which it makes, that President Pierce "is a total abstinence man in principle and in practice; does not drink wine, nor anything but pure cold water, and this has been his custom for many years." Until they are educated up to the point of believing *that*, the New York *Observer* is too strong meat for them.—*Pittsfield Eagle.*

Railway Wit.—Among the jokes which have been got off during the detentions occasioned by the deep snow is the following, clipped from a Vermont paper:

"Madam," said a conductor, a day or two since, "your boy can't pass at half fare—he's too large." "He may be too large now," replied the woman, who had paid for half ticket, "but he was small enough when we started!"

The above dialogue was overheard on one of the trains of the Rutland and Burlington railroad.

A Southerner's Opinion of President Pierce's Special Message.—A Leavenworth correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*, who signs himself "A Jeffersonian Virginia Democrat," thus speaks of the President's Special Message on Kansas affairs: "When I read the Special Message of the President, I thanked God I was a Southerner. No Southern man would be mean enough to betray his constituents as Pierce has betrayed his Northern brethren. Plans to libel them as Pierce has libelled the peaceable, intelligent, conservative New England emigrants in Kansas."

Public Dinner to Gov. Chase.—A large number of the principal business men of Cincinnati have tendered to Gov. Chase, of Ohio, a public dinner, for the purpose of atoning for the insult offered him at the celebration of Washington's birthday in that city, and to show him that the people utterly condemn the unmanly conduct of the committee of arrangements. The invitation is signed by three hundred and fifty of the first men of the city, and it promises to be a brilliant affair. The meanness and bigotry of the authors of the insult to Gov. Chase have excited very general indignation throughout the State.—*Detroit Advertiser, March 6.*

A Cave with a Man in it.—On the 20th ult., a band of labourers on the Central railroad, in Alleghany County, Va., on Cady's section, penetrated into a cave, the mouth of which was about 305 feet from Jackson's river. Some of the workmen entered it, and, continuing on their course, passed under the river and came out on the other side of it. In the cave was found the dead body of a hunter, with all the equipments lying near him. About $6,000 in bonds, payable to Mrs. A. Cross, and dated in 1823, were found on the body, which was in a wonderful state of preservation. The bonds are signed by many of the oldest citizens of Alleghany and Bath Counties.

Within the past two years no less than seven expeditions have been set afoot in the United States against countries with whom we are at peace—one to make Sonora, against her will, an independent Republic; one to rescue Tamaulipas from the control of her own inhabitants; one to aid imaginary revolutionists in Cuba; one to give undesired "succour" to Ireland; one to occupy a grant of land in Costa Rica, which Costa Rica denies ever having made; one to help foreigners to overthrow the native government of Nicaragua; and one to perform the same office for Lower California. All of these paraded the American flag, and declared themselves Missionaries of Freedom, and every one of them was made up, mainly, if not wholly, of the defenders and extenders of slavery.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

The Great Struggle.—The next General Conference of the Methodist E. Church, which meets at Indianapolis, Indiana, in May next, will be the theatre of an earnest struggle between Slavery and Freedom. The radical anti-slavery men of the North, North-East, and North-West, will be heard in the freest and heartiest denunciation that ever has been poured out on a General Conference floor, since the days of Orange Scott. And the moderate brethren of the middle section, whose constitutional temperament and financial condition has put them at ease in Zion, will rouse them for one earnest effort to stay the rushing tide of fanaticism, and bind it with cords! While the old war-horses from Baltimore, and the younger mettle from the recently organized slaveholding Conferences, will be on their highest legs, and in the fiercest trim for the defence of their fatherland, their firesides, and slavery!

The ability of the men who are already pitted against each other in this discussion gives assurance of a rich treat to those who may hear or have a report of the debate. And the far-reaching and powerful influences wielded by this great denomination make the results reached by their action on slavery a matter of great moment to the cause of freedom.

Impressed by these considerations, and desiring to gratify the desire to have a full and living reformation of the debate for the readers of the *Wesleyan*, the editor is making arrangements to attend at Indianapolis during the entire session of the General Conference.—*Wesleyan.*

First Fruits of the Cincinnati Rendition.—Many of the Cincinnati policemen having been conspicuous in arresting fugitive slaves for the purpose of obtaining the rewards offered, the Mayor of that city has determined to put a stop to the practice, as he thinks it induces them to neglect their regular business. He has therefore made examples of two of them, by discharging them from the force for having aided in the capture of the fugitive slaves lately on trial there, and whose apprehension caused one of them, a mother, to murder her child. The arrest, it seems, was without authority of law, and that is generally the case in that city, no warrants being issued or applied for. The Mayor holds that the city police have nothing to do with fugitive slaves unless called upon by the United States officers to aid them.

A Ramrod Shot Without Harm through a Man's Gullet.—A Mr. Stout, of Iowa, having occasion lately to use his loaded rifle attempted to discharge it, which he failed to do after exploding several caps. He then entered his house, and on examination, came to the conclusion the powder was wet. He pricked some dry powder into the tube, and placed on it a cap, partly filled with powder also. He then took the wiper, which had a ball screw on the end, put it in the rifle, and screwed it into the ball. After getting things so far ready for operation, he sat the triggers, cocked the rifle, and setting his teeth on the wiper, pulled, while with another rod he set off the triggers. The rifle went off, and rod, ball and all passed through his mouth and neck, and entered the wall of the house. Strange to say, he was but slightly injured, and was able to go to work in a few days.

Liberation of Slaves.—The New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin* tells us that cases of the voluntary emancipation of slaves are continually occurring in the Courts of that city, and that the slaves thus liberated, in almost every case, fully vindicate the good policy of their emancipation. The *Bulletin* observes, "Many of these slaves thus set free become the owners of property, and some of them even rich; and, singular as it may appear, many of them become in turn slaveholders themselves." The mode of legal emancipation in New Orleans is somewhat peculiar. Every case must be decided on by a jury of twelve slaveholders. It must be the voluntary act of the owner, who must prove to the satisfaction of the jury that the slave is of good character, and capable of self-support. In some other Southern States the emancipation of slaves is entirely prohibited.

Forty Negroes Bound South.—A gang of upwards of forty negroes, from Fayette County, bound for a Southern clime, came down on the cars yesterday morning. Their owners preferred putting them in their pockets rather than let the Abolitionists run them off.—*Louisville Courier, 4th.*

When we mentioned, about the time of the commencement of the Fugitive Slave excitement in this city, that the slave population of Kentucky was being doubly depleted, their owners sending to the Southern markets more than ran away, the *Enquirer* accused us of *abolitionism*. The slavetraders have a harvest now in Kentucky. Many masters are putting their negroes in their pockets.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

Female Education in Turkey.—A correspondent of the *Christian Advocate and Journal* writes as follows from Constantinople:

"In the immediate vicinity of Dr. Goodell is the school for the education of Armenian girls. It is at present under the superintendence of Miss West, from Palmyra, New York, and numbers twenty-three pupils. It is in a very flourishing condition, and is in excellent hands. When this school was first commenced, many years ago, there was much opposition to it from the Armenians themselves. They said it was impossible to teach females any more than wild asses, and if taught, they could not light a pipe or wait upon their masters any better. This prejudice is now so far removed that not only is the school full, but it has awakened the Armenians to establish schools themselves, thus doing much good, both directly and indirectly."

A gentleman from Lexington told us yesterday that there was some talk of starting an Anti-Slavery paper there, on account of the Brady outrage.—*Newport (Abolition) News.*

Those that commence the paper had better get all the hair taken off their heads, so the Lexington people will only have the trouble of taking off their skin.—*Louisville Times.*

To which the plain-spoken *News* replies as follows:

You're a pretty *Democrat*, ain't you? Where's your blush of shame, when you talk about free men, free speech and free press? Damn the Democracy, say we, that sanctions not only tearing the "hair" off of people's heads, but the "skin" also, for daring to speak for or against any institution or laws of the country? None but cowards, that have no argument to defend themselves, would sanction such damnable outrages. You a Democrat? Then is the most heartless man that ever wrote a Democrat.

Impeachment of Judge Kane.—Amid the current excitements about Kansas, and the rumour of war with Britain, let us not forget the duty we owe to those fundamental rights of the citizen under the Constitution, which were so grossly outraged by Judge Kane. The release of Mr. Williamson from his illegal imprisonment does not alter the case. The wrong has been inflicted, the tyranny has been set up; and although the Philadelphia Jeffreys was made to quail under the public scorn, it is due to the Constitution which he has violated that the House of Representatives should impeach and the Senate should try him for his abuse of power.

At the last election in Oberlin, Ohio, a gentleman stood by the polls with a petition for the impeachment of Judge Kane; and of five hundred voters, three hundred and fifty signed it. These were professional men, teachers, farmers, mechanics, all legal voters

Miscellaneous Department.

ROGERS'S TABLE-TALK.

From The London Examiner.

RATHER an enjoyer and repeater than a sayer of good things, Mr. Rogers's claim to be the hero of such a book* as this consists mainly in the fact of his recollection and appreciation of the talk he had heard during a life which far outlasted the ordinary term. For nothing is the volume before us more remarkable than for its links of pleasant memory connecting two or three generations of the wits, and its editor may bear perhaps to have it also said that sometimes the character of age appears in other forms in its anecdotes. But the book is full of interest and entertainment; and it will surprise those who were best acquainted with Mr. Rogers that so much of the talk habitual to him, with its peculiar turns and niceties of phrase, should have been preserved. The inference will strike every reader that the reporter must himself be a scholar, and, in a very large degree, a man of kindred knowledge, sympathies and taste. The work presents indeed many other evidences of this, and the editorial notes are not the least interesting part of it.

What Rogers says in the volume of himself and of his own experience is always valuable. "I was engaged," he says, "on the *Pleasures of Memory* for nine years; on *Human Life* for nearly the same space of time; and *Italy* was not completed in less than sixteen years." Of the sensitive taste which prompted this extreme care in the polish of his own verse, much evidence is also given. Nor is the collection less to be commended for the fairness with which it shows, in regard to that fine taste of Mr. Rogers which was undoubtedly his principal accomplishment, how comparatively limited the circle was which bounded its perfection. Considering the Colosseum in the Regent's Park as finer than anything among the remains of ancient architectural art in Italy, it fails to appreciate the vigorous verse of Churchill, which is, "to my thinking, but mediocre," and "cannot relish Shakspeare's sonnets."

A choice and delicate appreciation of pictures was, on the whole, the most faultless trait in Mr. Rogers's mind, and here all the personal memoranda of the book are valuable. On other points the mere personal interest of its sayings has been occasionally perhaps a little overcalculated by the editor. Things that, when said, were, doubtless, well said, and, therefore, striking, but which, in conception, are not above the level of very ordinary talk, occur in the book too frequently. Strangers might thus derive, from accidental quotation, but a poor impression of its real flavour. "A man who attempts to read all the new publications must often do as a flea does—skip," may stand as specimen of a class of remarks which surely, however pleasant and innocent as part of common talk, were not worth "making note of" among memorable sayings.

There is a great deal, however, of admirable matter—more, indeed, than at a first hasty reading may find the attention it deserves. There are, of course, stretching back over so long a life, strange recollections; of having seen a black bottle of English porter set on a French dinner-table and drank out of little glasses as a rarity; of running about the fields, chasing butterflies, in cocked hats; of Mr. Fox and Mr. Dundas drinking seven bottles at a sitting; of having seen Haydn play at a concert in a tie wig with a sword at his side; of having gone to Ranelagh in a coach with a lady, who, on account of the tallness of her head-dress, was obliged to sit on a stool placed in the bottom of the coach; or of a scene like this:

"When I was a lad, I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls, in dresses of various colours, on their way to be executed at Tyburn. They had all been condemned, on one indictment, for having been concerned in (that is, perhaps, for having been spectators of) the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible. Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on those riots, and heard several boys sentenced, to their own excessive amazement, to be hanged. 'Never,' said Greville, with great *naiveté*, 'did I see boys *cry so!*'"

Here speaks the poet and the man of taste:

"You remember the passage in 'King Lear'—a passage which Mrs. Siddons said that she never could read without shedding tears:

> "'Do not laugh at me;
> For, as I am a man, I think this lady
> To be my child Cordelia.'

"Something of the same kind happened in my own family. A gentleman, a near relation of mine, was on his death-bed, and his intellect much impaired, when his daughter, whom he had not seen for a considerable time, entered the room. He looked at her with the greatest earnestness, and then exclaimed, 'I think I should know *this lady*'; but *his* recognition went no further."

A recollection of the burnt Memoirs of Byron:

"If Moore had made me his confidant in the business, I should have protested warmly against the destruction of the Memoirs; but he chose Luttrell, probably because he thought him the more fashionable man; and Luttrell, who cared nothing about the matter, readily voted that they should be put into the fire. There were, I understand, some gross things in that manuscript; but I read only a portion of it, and did not light upon them. I remember that it contained this anecdote: On his marriage night, Byron suddenly started out of his first sleep; a taper, which burned in the room, was casting a ruddy glare through the crimson curtains of the bed; and he could not help exclaiming, in a voice so loud that he awakened Lady B., 'Good God, I am surely in hell!'"

A recollection of Murat at Naples illustrates amusingly the soldier's way of being extremely civil to the poet:

"By the by, Murat and his Queen were extremely civil to me. The Queen once talked to me about *The Pleasures of Memory*. I often met Murat when he was on horseback, and he would invariably call out to me, rising in his stirrups, '*Hé bien, Monsieur, étesvous inspiré aujourdhui?*'"

A remark made to Mr. Rogers by the Duke of Wellington, concerning Bonaparte, illustrates those passages in the lately published letters of Napoleon to Joseph in which he is found constantly urging, as a postulate in war, that separate corps of troops should be so handled that they may be brought together into a mass promptly and easily.

"Speaking to me of Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington remarked, that in one respect he was superior to all the generals who had ever existed. 'Was it,' I asked, 'in the management and skilful arrangement of his troops?' 'No,' answered the Duke; 'it was in his power of concentrating such vast masses of men—a most important point in the art of war.'"

We add two other notes concerning the Great Duke:

"Of the Duke's perfect coolness on the most trying occasions, Colonel Gurwood gave me this instance: He was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the Duke, 'then I shall not take off my boots.'"

To the recollection of Wellington let us add one of Nelson. "I have seen him," said Mr. Rogers, "spin a teetotum with his *one* hand a whole evening, for the amusement of some children."

How arbitrary are some canons of taste! We know some whom balcony might be able to make sick.

"It is curious how fashion changes pronunciation. In my youth, everybody said 'Lonnon,' not 'London': Fox said 'Lonnon' to the last; and so did Crowe. The now fashionable pronunciation of several words is, to me at least, very offensive: 'contemplate' is bad enough; but 'balcony' makes me sick."

This of Erskine is not bad:

"To all letters soliciting his subscription to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz.: 'Sir, I feel much honoured by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe'—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—'myself your very obedient servant,' &c."

Another is excellent:

"When Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, 'Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with.'"

Here is a pleasant bit of conversational criticism, perfect of its kind as conversation, and representing the kind of talk from which all who were admitted to Mr. Rogers's table derived knowledge as well as entertainment:

"John Hunter believed that when there was only one daughter and several sons in the family, the daughter was always of a masculine disposition; and that when a family consisted of several daughters and only one son, the son was always effeminate. Payne Knight used to say that Homer seemed to have entertained the same idea; for in the Iliad we find that Dolon, who proves to be such a coward, was an only son, and had several sisters.

> "'There was one Dolon in the camp of Troy,
> Son of Eumedes, herald of the gods,
> Who with five daughters had no son beside.'"

We add a little string of anecdotes:

"Monk Lewis was a great favourite at Oatlands. One day after dinner, as the Duchess was leaving the room, she whispered something into Lewis's ear. He was much affected, his eyes filling with tears. We asked what was the matter. 'Oh,' replied Lewis, 'the Duchess spoke so very kindly to me!' 'My dear fellow,' said Colonel Armstrong, 'pray don't cry; I dare say she did n't mean it.'"

"Topham Beauclere (Johnson's friend) was a strangely absent person. One day he had a party coming to dinner; and, just before their arrival, he went up stairs to change his dress. He forgot all about them; thought that it was bed-time, when the captain of the vessel came to him, and said, 'It will soon be all over with us.' 'Very well,' answered the Duke, 'then I shall not take off my boots.'"

To the recollection of Wellington let us add one of Nelson. "I have seen him," said Mr. Rogers, "spin a teetotum with his *one* hand a whole evening, for the amusement of some children."

"Dunning (afterwards Lord Ashburton) was 'stating the law' to a jury at Guildhall, when Lord Mansfield interrupted him by saying, 'If that be law, I'll go home and burn my books.' 'My Lord,' replied Dunning, 'you had better go home and read them.'"

"Combe recollected having seen Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing by the side of her father's stage, and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick, to imitate the sound of a windmill, during the representation of some Harlequin piece."

"Humphrey Howath, the surgeon, was called out, and made his appearance in the field stark naked, to the astonishment of the challenger, who asked him what he meant. 'I know,' said Humphrey, 'that if any part of the clothing is carried into the body by a gunshot wound, festering ensues; and, therefore, I have met you thus.' His antagonist declared that fighting with a man in *puris naturalibus* would be quite ridiculous; and accordingly they parted without further discussion."

"Lord Alvanley, on returning home after his duel with young O'Connell, gave a guinea to the hackney-coachman who had driven him out and brought him back. The man, surprised at the largeness of the sum, said, 'My Lord, I only took you to ——.' Alvanley interrupted him, 'My friend, the guinea is *for bringing me back*, not for taking me out.'"

"Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was to dine one day with Lord Melville. Just before the time of the company's arrival, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance, who could talk with her fingers to dumb people, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room; and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers very nimbly; Lord Guilford did the same; and they had been carrying on a conversation in this manner for about ten minutes when Lady Melville joined them. Her female friend immediately said 'Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man.' 'Dumb!' cried Lord Guilford; 'bless me, I thought *you* were dumb.' I told this story (which is perfectly true) to Matthews; and he said that he could make excellent use of it at one of his evening entertainments; but I know not if ever he did."

"What a disgusting thing is the *fagging* at our great schools! When Lord Holland was a schoolboy, he was forced, as a fag, to toast bread *with his fingers* for the breakfast of another boy. Lord Holland's mother sent him a toasting-fork. His fagger broke it over his head and still compelled him to prepare the toast in the old way. In consequence of this process his fingers suffered so much that they alway retained a withered appearance."

This story is very perfect:

"A friend of mine in Portland Place has a wife who inflicts upon him every season two or three immense evening parties. At one of those parties he was standing in a very forlorn condition, leaning against the chimney-piece, when a gentleman, coming up to him, said, 'Sir, as neither of us is acquainted with any of the people here, I think we had best go home.'"

We close the miscellany of brief extracts with some sayings of Sydney Smith, not to be found recorded, we think, in his memoirs:

"He said that—— was so fond of contradiction that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night and contradict the watchman who was calling the hour.

"When his physician advised him to 'take a walk upon an empty stomach,' Smith asked, 'Upon whose?'

"'Lady Cook,' said Smith, 'was once so moved by a charity sermon, that she begged me to lend her a guinea for her contribution. I did so. She never repaid me, and spent it on herself.'

"He said that '*his* idea of heaven was eating *fois gras* to the sound of trumpets.'"

"'I had a very odd dream last night,' said he; 'I dreamed that there were thirty-nine Muses and nine Articles; and my head is still quite confused about them.'"

Appended to the recollections of the table-talk of Rogers are some anecdotes of Porson, communicated to the editor by Mr. Rogers's old friend, Mr. Maltby, who succeeded Porson at the London Institution, and died there about two years since, at the age of ninety. There is always a robust energy and power, though as invariably maimed by his dreadful and irremediatebe besetting vice, manifested in all the traits recorded of the character of this great scholar.

He combined so strangely in himself the striking features of the worthies of the sixteenth and the eighteenth century, that a strong interest attaches to all records of his life, and in these Porsoniana we have glimpses of it full of biographical significance. We doubt if any illustration so valuable has ever before been given of the greatest of English Grecians, and most heartily is the editor (himself a most accomplished classical scholar) to be thanked for it. Observe how admirable are many of the things we quote:

"He was generally ill dressed and dirty. But I never saw him such a figure as he was one day at Leigh and Southeby's auction-room; he evidently had been rolling in the kennel; and, on inquiry, I found that he was just come from a party (at Robert Reathcoate's, I believe), with whom he had been sitting up drinking for two nights."

"One forenoon I met Porson in Covent Garden, dressed in a peagreen coat; he had been married that morning, as I afterwards learned from Raine, for he himself said nothing about it. He was carrying a copy of *Le Moyen de Parvenir*, which he had just purchased off a stall; and, holding it up, he called out, jokingly, 'These are the sort of books to buy.'"

"At one time he had some thoughts of taking orders, and studied divinity for a year or two. 'But,' said he, 'I found that I should require *about fifty years' reading* to make myself thoroughly acquained with it—to satisfy my mind on all points; and therefore I gave it up. There are fellows who go into a pulpit assuming everything, and knowing nothing; but I would not do so.'"

"He said that every man ought to marry *once*. I observed that every man could not afford to maintain a family. 'Oh,' replied he, 'pap is cheap.'"

"He insisted that all men are born with abilities nearly equal. 'Any one,' he would say, 'might become quite as good a critic as I am, if he would only take the trouble to make himself so. I have made myself what I am by intense labour; sometimes, in order to impress a thing upon my memory, I have read it a dozen times, and transcribed it six.'"

"Tooke used to say that 'Porson would drink ink rather than not drink at all.' Indeed, he would drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman, after dinner, in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master for a bottle of embrocation which was on the chimney-piece. 'I drank it an hour ago,' said Porson."

"When Hoppner the painter was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. H. had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson, however, declared that he would be content with a mutton-chop and beer from the next alehouse; and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening, Porson said, 'I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle, for her private drinking, in her own bedroom; so, pray, try if you can lay your hands on it.' His host assured him that Mrs. H. had no such secret store; but Porson insisted that a search should be made; a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner, and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porhad drunk every drop of her concealed dram. 'Drank every drop of it!' cried she; 'My God, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!'"

"Porson was passionately fond of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and whenever he saw a copy of it on a stall, he would purchase it. He could repeat by heart a quantity of Swift's verses.

"He was fond of Foote's plays, and would often recite scenes from them."

In the next anecdote a fine trait is revealed, Aristophanes, we need scarcely remind the reader, was Porson's choicest study:

"When Porson first met Perry after the fire in the house of the latter at Merton, he immediately inquired 'If any lives had been lost?' Perry replied 'No.' 'Well,' said Porson, 'then I shall not complain, though I have lost the labours of my life.' His transcript of the Cambridge *Photius*, which was burnt in that fire, he afterwards replaced by patiently making a second transcript; but his numerous notes on Aristophanes, which had also been consumed, were irrecoverably gone."

There is a touch of nobleness in this also:

"Banks once invited Porson (about a year before his death) to dine with him at a hotel at the west end of London; but the dinner passed away without the expected guest having made his appearance. Afterwards, on Banks's asking him why he had not kept his engagement, Porson replied (without entering into further particulars) that 'he had come'; and Banks could only conjecture that the waiters, seeing Porson's shabby dress, and not knowing who he was, had offered him some insult, which had made him indignantly return home."

And more than a touch is this:

"When asked why he had written so little, Porson replied, 'I doubt if I could produce any original work which would command the attention of posterity. I can be known only by my notes; and I am quite satisfied if, three hundred years hence, it shall be said that 'One Porson lived towards the close of the eighteenth century, who did a good deal for the text of Euripedes.'"

Let us not forget to add that Porson, first of our Greek scholars as he was, "was a great reader of translations, and never wrote a note on any passage of an ancient author without first carefully looking how it had been rendered by the different translators." It is worth specially recording, too, that after all his experience of men and things, Mr. Rogers, himself so admirable a judge of the observant qualities in those he came in contact with, declared that Sir James Mackintosh, Malthus, and Bobus Smith, were the three acutest men he had ever known.

"BETTY," said an old maiden lady who suspected that her female servant was regaling her beau upon the cold mutton in her larder, "did I hear you speaking to any one down stairs?" "Oh no, ma'am," replied the girl, "it was only me singing a psalm." "You may amuse yourself, Betty," replied the lady, "with psalms, but let's have no hims. I have a great objection to hims." Betty courtesyed, withdrew, and took the hint.

*Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers. To which is added Porsoniana.

LITTLE SAINT ZITA.

From Household Words.

THERE is a collection of horrible, though admirably executed etchings, by the "noble Jacques Callott," extant, called Les Saincts et Sainctes de l'Année. It is a complete pictorial calendar of the Romish martyrology. No amount of indigestion, caused by suppers of underdone pork-chops; no nightmares, piled one on another; no distempered imaginings of topers in the worst state of delirium tremens; no visions of men with guilt-laden consciences; could culminate into a tenth-part of the horrors that the noble Jaeques has perpetuated with his immortal graver. All the refinements of torture, invented by the ruthless and cruel pagans, and inflicted by them on the early confessors, are here set down in chiaro oscuro; not a dislocated limb is omitted, not a lacerated muscle is passed over. The whole work is a vast dissecting-room—a fasciculus of scarifications, maimings and dismemberments—of red-hot pincers, scalding oil, molten lead, gridirons, wire scourges, jagged knives, crowns of spikes, hatchets, poisoned daggers, tarred shirts, and wild beasts.

The blessed saints had a bad time of it for certain. How should we, I wonder, with our pluralities, our Easter-offerings, and regium donum, our scarlet hats and stockings, and dwellings in the gate of Flam; our Exeter-Hall meetings and buttered muffins afterwards; our first-class missionary passages to the South Seas, and grants of land and fat hogs from King Wabashongo; our dean and chapter-dinners, and semi-military chaplains' uniforms (Oh, last-invented, but not least scorn-worthy of humbugs!): how should we confront the stake, the shambles, and the carnifex, the scourge, the rack, and the amphitheatre? Surely the faith must have been strong, or the legends untrue!

Yet there are more saints than the noble Jacques ever dreamed of in his grim category, crowded as it is. Saint Patrick, if we may credit the Irish legend, had two birthdays; still, the number of saints, all duly canonized, is so great, that the year can scarcely spare them the sixth of a birth-day apiece. Only yesterday, the postman (he is a Parisian postman, and, in appearance, is something between a policeman and a field-marshal in disguise) brought me a deformed little card, on which was pasted an almanac with a whole calendar-full of saints, neatly tied up with cherry-coloured ribbon, accompanying the gift with the compliments of the season, and an ardent wish that the new year might prove bonne et belle to me; all of which meant that I should give him two francs, on pain of being denounced to the concierge as a curmudgeon, to the landlord as a penniless lodger, and to the police as a suspicious character. Musing over the little almanac, in the futile attempt to get two francs' worth of information out of it, I found a whole army of saints, of whom I had never heard before, and noticed the absence of a great many who are duly set down in another calendar I possess. Would you believe that neither Saint Giles nor Saint Swithin was to be found in my postman's hagiology—that no mention was made of Saint Waldeburga, or of the blessed Saint Wuthelstan; while on the other hand I found Saint Yon, Saint Fiacre, Saint Ovid, Saint Babylas, Saint Pepin, Saint Ponce, Saint Frisque, Saint Nestor and Saint Pantaloon? What do we know of these saints in England? Where were Saint Willibald, Saint Winifred, Saint Edward the Confessor, and Saint Dunstan, the nose-tweaker? Nowhere! Yet they must all have their days, their eves, and feasts. Where, above all, was my little Saint Zita?

If one of the best of Christian gentlemen—the kindly humourist, who wrote the Ingoldsby Legends—could tell us, without scandal to his cloth and creed, the wondrous stories of Saint Gengulphus and Saint Odille, Saint Anthony and Saint Nicholas, shall I be accused of irreverence if, in my own way, I tell the legend of little Saint Zita? I must promise that the first discovery of the saintly tradition is due to M. Alphonse Karr, who has a villa at Genoa, the birth-place of the saint herself.

I have no memory for dates, and have no printed information to go upon, so I am unable to state the exact year, or even century, in which Saint Zita flourished. But I know that it was in the dark ages, and that the Christian religion was young, and that it was considerably more than one thousand five hundred years ago.

Now, Pomponius Cotta (I give him that name because it is a sounding one—not that I know his real denomination) was a noble Roman. He was one of the actors in that drama which Mr. Gibbon of London and Lausanne so elegantly described some centuries afterwards: The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. It must have been a strange time, that Decline and Fall. Reflecting upon the gigantic, overgrown, diseased civilization of the wonderful empire, surrounded and preyed upon by savage and barbarous Goths and Visigoths, Vandals, Dacians, and Pannonians, I cannot help picturing to myself some superannuated old noble, accomplished, luxurious, diseased and depraved—learned in bon-mots and scandalous histories of a former age, uselessly wealthy, corruptly cultivated, obsolutely magnificent, full of memories of a splendid but infamous life, too old to reform, too callous to repent, cynically presaging a deluge after him, yet trembling lest that deluge should come while he was yet upon the stage, and wash his death-bed with bitter waters; who is the sport and mock, the unwilling companion and victim unable to help himself, of a throng of rough, brutal, unpolished youngsters—hobbledehoys of the new generation—who carouse at his expense, smoke tobacco under his nose, borrow his money, slap him on the back, and call him old fogey behind it, sneer at his worn-out stories, tread on his gouty toes, ridicule his obsolete politeness, and tie crackers to the back of his coat collar. Have you not seen the decline and fall of the human empire? So men and empires have alike their decadence.

But Pomponius Cotta never recked, it is very probable, of such things. He might have occasionally expressed his belief, like some noble Romans of our own age and empire, that the country was going to the bad; but he had large revenues, which he spent in a right noble and Roman manner; and he laid whatever ugly misgivings he had in a red sea of Falernian and Chiajian (if, indeed, all the stock of those celebrated brands had not already been drunk out by the thirsty Visigoths and Vandals). He had the finest house in Genoa; and you who know what glorious palaces the city of the Dorias and the Spinolas can yet boast of, even in these degenerate days, may form an idea of what marvels of marble, statuary, frescoes, and mosaics owned Pomponius Cotta for lord, in the days when there was yet a Parthenon at Athens and a Capitol at Rome.

The noble Pomponius was a Christian, but I am afraid in a very slovenly, lukewarm, semi-pagan sort of way. As there are yet in France some shrivelled old good-for-nothings whose sympathies are with Voltaire and d'Alembert—who sigh for the days of the Encyclopedia, the Esprits-forts, and the Baron d'Holbach's witty, wicked suppers, so Pomponius furtively regretted the old bad era before creation heard the voice that cried out that the good Pan was dead*—the days when there were mysteries and oracles, sacrifices and haruspices, Lares and Penates, and when laziness and lust, dishonesty and superstition, were reduced into systems, and dignified with the name of philosophy. So Pomponius half believed in the five thousand gods he had lost, and was but a skin-deep worshipper of the One left. As for his wife, the Domina Flavia Pomponia, she came of far too noble a Roman family, was far too great a lady, thought far too much of crimping her tresses, perfuming her dress, painting her face, giving grand entertainments, and worrying her slaves, to give herself to piety and the practice of religion; and though Onesimus, that blessed though somewhat unclean hermit, did often come to the Pomponian house and take its mistress roundly to task for her mundane mode of life, she only laughed at the good man; quizzed his hair, shirt and long thickly-peopled beard; and endeavoured to seduce him from his hermit fare of roots and herbs and spring water, by pressing invitations to partake of dainty meals and draughts of hot wine.

I am not so uncharitable as to assume that all the seven deadly sins found refuge in the mansion of Pomponius Cotta, but it is certain that it was a very fortalice and citadel for one of them—namely, gluttony. There never were such noble Romans (out of Guildhall) as the Pomponii for guzzling and guttling, banqueting, junketing, feasting and carousing. It was well that plate glass was not invented in those times, for the house was turned out of windows regularly every day, and the major part of the Pomponian revenues would have been expended in glaziers' bills. But there were dinners and suppers and after-suppers. The guests ate till they could n't move, and drank till they could n't see. Of course they crowned themselves with flowers, and lolled upon soft couches, and had little boys to titillate their noses with rare perfumes, and pledged each other to the sounds of dulcet music; but they were an emerited set of gormandizers for all that, and richly deserved the visitation of the stern Nemesis that sate ever in the gate in the shape of the fair-haired barbarian, with the brand to burn, the sword to slay, and the hands to pillage. Or, like the Philistine lords, they caroused and made merry, unwotting of that stern, moody, blind Samson, sitting apart, yonder, with his hair all a-growing, and soon to rise in his might and pull the house down on their gluttonous heads. Or, like Belshazzar's feasters, they were drunk in vessels of gold and silver, while the fingers of a man's hand were writing on the wall, and the Medes and Persians were at the gate.

It may easily be imagined that in such a belly-god temple—such a house of feasting and wassail—the cook was a personage of great power and importance. Pomponius Cotta had simply the best cook not only in Genoa, but in Magna Græcia—not only in Magna Græcia, but in the whole Italian peninsula. But no man cook had he—no haughty, stately, magister coquinæ, no pedant in Apicius or bigoted believer in Lucullus. Yet Pomponius was proud and happy in the possession of a culinary treasure—a real cordon-bleu, a Mrs. Glasse of the dark ages, a Miss Acton of antiquity, a Mrs. Rumball of Romanity; and this was no other than a little slave girl whom they called Zita.

We have all heard of the cook who boasted that he could serve up a leathern shoe in twenty-seven different phases of sauce and cookery. I never believed in him, and always set him down as a vapouring fanfaroon—a sort of copper-stewpan captain of cookery. But I have a firm belief that little Zita would have made everything out of anything or nothing culinary; that her stewed pump-handles would have been delicious, her salmi of bath-brick exquisite, her croquettes of Witney blanket unapproachable, her back hair en papillote a dish fit for a king. She cooked such irresistible dishes for the noble Pomponius that he frequently wept, and would have given her her freedom had he not been afraid that she would be off and be married: that the noble Domina Pomponia was jealous of her, and would have led her a sorry life, had she dared to cross her husband; that the guests of the Pomponian house wrote bad sapphics and dactylics in her praise, and would have given her necklaces of pearl and armlets of gold for gifts, but that the Roman finances were in rather an embarrassed condition just then, and that poor trust was dead with the Genoese jewellers.

Little Zita was very pretty; she must have been pretty—and she was. She was as symmetrical as one of Pradier's Bacchantes—as ripe and blooming as the grapes they press; but as pure as the alabaster of which they are made. Her complexion was as delicately, softly tinted as one of Mr. Gibson's Anglo-Roman statues; her long hair, when she released it from its confining fillet, hung down about her like a king's mantle; she had wrists and ankles that only gold or gems were worthy to embrace: she had a mouth like a Cupid's bow, and eyes like almonds dyed in ebony; and teeth that were the gates of ivory of the dreams of love, and nails like mother of pearl. She danced like Arbuscula, and sang like Galeria Coppiola; and she cooked, like an angel—as she is.

None could serve up in such style the great standard dishes of Roman cookery. The wild boar of Troy, with honey, oil, flour and garum; the Campanian sow, fed from golden troughs, stuffed with chestnuts and spices, and brought to the table whole with her nine little sucking pigs disposed around her in sweet sauce; the vol au vents of peacock's tongues, and ortolans' eyes, and beccaficos' brains. Yet, though great in these, she excelled in fanciful, ravishing, gem-like dishes—in what the French call "surprises"—in culinary epigrams, edible enigmas, savoury fables, poems that you could eat and drink. She had sauces, the secrets of which have gone to Paradise with her; she had feats of legerdemain in compounding dishes that no life-long apprenticeship could teach. And, withal, she was so saving, so economical, so cleanly in her arrangements, that her kitchen was like a street in the clean village of Brock (I should not like to pass half an hour even in Velour's kitchen); and her noble master had the satisfaction of knowing that he gave the mightiest "spreads" in Genoa at anything but an unreasonable or ruinous expense.

She was as honest as a child's smile, and was as regardless of kitchen stuff, perquisites, Christmas boxes from tradesmen, and the dangerous old crones who hung about the area and cried hare-skins, as your own cook, madam, I hope may be. And, above all, little Zita had no followers, had boxed the major-domo's ears for offering her a pair of filagree ear-rings, and was exceeding pious.

Now, a pious cook is not considered, in these sceptical days, as a very great desideratum. A pious cook not unfrequently refuses to cook a Sunday's dinner, and entertains a serious grenadier on Sunday evening. I have seen many a kitchen drawer in which the presence of a hymn-book, and the "Cook's Spiritual Comforter" (price ninepence per hundred for distribution) did not exclude the company of much surreptitious cold fat and sundry legs of fowls that were not picked clean. Serious cooks occasionally wear their mistresses' black silk stockings to go to chapel in; my aunt had a serious cook who drank; and there is a legend in our family of a peculiarly evangelical cook who could not keep her hands off other people's pomatum. But little Zita was sincerely, unfeignedly, cheerfully, devotedly pious. She did not neglect her duties to pray: she rose up early in the morning before the cock crew, while her masters were sunk in drunken sleep, and prayed for herself and for them, then went to her daily labour with vigorous heart of grace. There are some of us who pray, as grudgingly performing a certain duty, and doing it, but no more—some of us as an example (and what an example!) to others—some through mere habit (and those are in a bad case)—some (who shall gainsay it?) in hypocrisy; but do we not all, Scribes and Pharisees, Publicans and Sinners, number among our friends, among those we know, some few good really pious souls who strike us with a sort of awe and reverent respect; who do their good deeds before we rise, or after we retire to rest; creep into heaven the back way, but are not the less received there with trumpets and crowns of glory?

Such was little Saint Zita. She was, I have said, truly pious. In an age when there was as yet but one Ritual, before dissent and drums ecclesiastic existed, Zita thought it her bounden duty to abide by and keep all the fasts and festivals of the church as ordained by the bishops, priests and deacons. For she was not book-learned, this poor little cook-maid, and had but these three watchwords for a rule of conduct—Faith, Duty and Obedience.

It is in the legend that she would decoy the little white-haired, blue-eyed children of the barbarian soldiers into her kitchen, and there, while giving them sweetmeats and other goodies, teach them to lisp little Latin prayers, and tell over the rosary, and kiss the crucifix appended to it. And she would assuredly have fallen under the grave displeasure of the heaven-born Sir Robert W. Carden, and have been specially pointed at in his proposed Act of Parliament for making almsgiving penal, since she bestowed the major part of her wages in gifts to beggars, unmindful whether they were christian or pagan; and, for a certainty, the strong-minded would have sneered at her, and the wearers of phylacteries would have frowned on her, for she thought it a grave sin to disobey the edict of the church that forbade the eating of flesh on Friday and other appointed fasts. Pomponious Cotta, it must be acknowledged, was troubled with no such scruples. He would have rated his cook soundly, and perchance scourged her, if she had served him up meager fare on the sixth day of the week; yet I find it in the legend that little Zita was enabled by her own skill, and, doubtless, by celestial assistance, to perpetrate a pious fraud upon this epicurean Roman. The Fridays' dinners were as rich and succulent, and called forth as loud encomia as those of the other days, yet not one scrap of meat, one drop of carnal gravy, did Zita employ in the concoction thereof. Fish, and eggs, and divers mushrooms, truffles and ketchups, became, in the hands of the saintly cook, susceptible of giving the most meaty flavours. 'Tis said that Zita invented burnt onions—those grand culinary deceptions! And though they were in reality making meager, as good Christians should do, Pomponius and his boon companions thought they were feasting upon venison and poultry and choice roasts. This is one of the secrets that died with Saint Zita. I never tasted sorrel soup that had even the suspicion of a flavour of meat about it; and though I have heard much of the rice fritters and savoury soups of the Lancashire vegetarians, I doubt much of their ability to conceal the taste of the domestic cabbage and the homely onion.

Now it fell out in the year of redemption—I have not the slightest idea—that P. Maremnius Citronius Ostendius, a great gastronome and connoisseur in oysters, came from Asia to visit his kinsman Pomponius. There was some talk of his marrying the beautiful Flavia Pomponilia, the eldest daughter of the Pomponian house (she was as jealous of Zita as Fleur de Lys was of Esmeralda, and would have thrust golden pins into her, à-la-mode Romaine, but for fear of her father); but at all events Ostendius was come down from Asia to Genoa, and there was to be a great feast in honour of his arrival. Ostendius had an aldermanic abdomen under his toga, had a voice that reminded you of fruity port, bees-wings in his eyes, a face very like collared brawn, and wore a wig. Those adjuncts to beauty were worn, ladies and gentlemen, fifteen hundred years ago. Ay! look in at the Egyptian Room of the British Museum, London, and you shall find wigs older than that. He had come from Asia, where he was reported to have partaken of strange dishes—birds of paradise, gryphons, phœnixes, serpents, elephants—what do I know but he despised not the Persicos apparatus, and was not a man to be trifled with in his victuals! Pomponius Cotta called his cook into his sanctum, and gave her instructions as to the banquet, significantly telling her what she might expect if she failed in satisfying him and his gastronomical guests. Poor Zita felt a cold shudder as she listened to the threats which, in lazy Latin, her noble master lavished upon her. But she determined, less through fear of punishment than a sincere desire of doing her duty, to exert herself to the very utmost in the preparation of the feast. Perhaps there may have been a little spice of vanity in this determination; perhaps she was actuated by a little harmless desire to please the difficult Ostendius, and so prove to him that Pomponius Cotta had a slave who was the best cook in Genoa and in Italy. Why not? I am one who, believing that all is vanity, think that the world as it is could not well get on without some vanity. By which I mean an honest moderate love of and pleasure in approbation. I think we could much easier dispense with money than with this. When I see a conceited man, I think him to be a fool; but when I meet a man who tells me he does not rejoice when he is praised for the good book he has written, or the good picture he has painted, or the good deed he has done, I know him to be a humbug, and a mighty dangerous one to his fellow-creatures.

Flowers, wax torches, perfumes, rich tapestries, cunning musicians—all were ordered for the feast to the guest who was come from Asia. The piscator brought fish in abundance, the lignarius brought wood and charcoal to light the cooking furnaces withal; the venator brought game and venison; the sartor stitched unceasingly at vestments of purple and fine linen; the slaves who fed ordinarily upon salsamentum or salt meat revelled in blithe thoughts of the rich fragments that would fall to their share on the morrow of the banquet. It need scarcely be said that Zita the cook had a whole army of cook's mates, scullions, marmitons, plate-scrapers and bottle-washers under her command. These peeled the vegetables, these jointed the meat, these strained the soups and jellies; but to none did she ever confide the real cooking of the dinner. Her spoon was in every casserole, her spatula in every sauce-boat; she knew the exact number of mushrooms to every gratin, and of truffles to every turkey. Believe me—in the works of great artists there is little vicarious handiwork. Asses say that Mr. Stanfield painted the scenery of Acis and Galatea by means of a speaking-trumpet from the shilling gallery, his assistants working on the stage. Asses say that Carême used to compose his dinners reclining on a crimson velvet couch, while his nephew mixed the magic ingredients in silver stewpans. Asses say that all the hammering and chiselling of Praxiteles' statues were done by workmen, and that the sculptor only polished up the noses and finger tips with a little marble dust. Don't believe such tales. In all great works the master hand is everywhere.

On the morning of the banquet, early, Zita went to market, and sent home stores of provisions, which her assistants knew well how to advance through their preparatory stages. Then, knowing that she had plenty of time before her, the pious little cook—though she had already attended matins—went to church to have a good pray. In the simplicity of her heart, she thought she would render up special thanks for all the good dinners she had cooked, and pray as specially that this evening's repast should be the very best and most succulent she might ever prepare. You see she was but a poor, ignorant, little slave-girl, and she lived in the dark ages.

Zita went to church, heard high mass, confessed, and then, going into a little dark chapel by herself, fell down on her knees before the mother of all virgins, the Queen of Heaven. She prayed, and prayed, and prayed so long, so earnestly, so devoutly, that she quite forgot how swiftly the hours fleet by, how impossible it is to overtake them. She prayed and prayed till she lost all consciousness and memory of earthly things, of earthly ties and duties, till the vaulted roof seemed to open, till she seemed to see, through a golden network, a sky of lapis-lazuli all peopled with angelic beings in robes of dazzling white; till she heard soft sounds of music such as could only proceed from harps played by celestial hands; till the statue of the Queen of Heaven seemed to smile upon her and bless her; till she was no longer a cook and a slave, but an ecstatic in communion with the saints.

She prayed till the mortal sky without from the glare of noonday took soberer hues; till the western horizon began to blush for Zita's tardiness; till the great blue Mediterranean sea grew purple, save where the sunset smote it; till the white palaces of Genoa were tinged with pink, as if the sky had rained roses. She prayed till the lazy dogs which had been basking in the sun rose and shook themselves and raised their shiftless eyes as if to wonder where the sun was; till the barbarian soldiers, who had been lounging on guard-house benches, staggered inside, and fell to dicing and drinking; till hired assassins woke up on their straw pallets, and, rubbing their villanous eyes, began to think that it was pretty nearly time to go a murdering; till cut-purses' fingers began to itch premonitorily; till maidens watched the early moon, and longed for it to be sole sovereign of the heavens, that the trysting-time might come; till the young spendthrift rejoiced that another day was to come, and the old sage sighed that another day was gone; till sick men quarrelled with their nurses for closing their casements, and the birds grew drowsy, and the flowers shut themselves up in secresy, and the frog began to speak to his neighbour, and the glow-worm lighted his lamp.

She prayed till it was dusk, and almost dark, till the vesper bell began to ring, when she awoke from out her trance, and not a dish of the dinner was cooked.

And she hurried home, weeping, ah! so bitterly. For Zita knew her duty towards her neighbour as the road towards Heaven. She knew that there were times for all